HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 138.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR SERIALS.

We commenced in No. 134 a new serial tale, entitled "**A Good Fight**," by Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel. This exquisite Story is printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. Dickens's new serial, "A Tale of Two Cities," was commenced in Harper's Weekly on May 7, and Mr. Curtis's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "Trumps," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

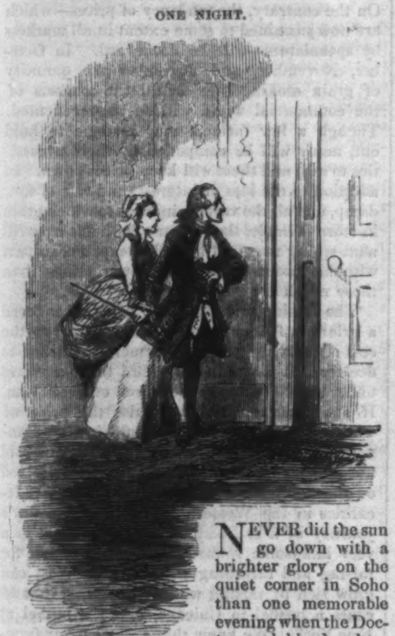
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE NIGHT.



Never did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree, and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

Lucie was to be married to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane-tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite, my child."

They had said little, though they had been there a long time. When it was yet light enough to work and read she had neither engaged herself in her usual work, nor had she read to him. She had employed herself in both ways at his side under the tree many and many a time; but this time was not quite like any other, and nothing could make it so.

"And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that Heaven has so blessed—my love for Charles, and Charles's love for me. Still, if my life were not to be consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged as that it would part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now than I can tell you. Even as it is—"

Even as it was, she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight she clasped him by the neck, and laid her face upon his breast. In the moonlight which is always sad, as the light of the sun itself is—as the light called human life is—at its coming and its going.

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us? *I* know it well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

Her father answered, with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her, "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage than it could have been—nay, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope *that*, my father—"

"Believe it, love! Indeed, it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, can not fully appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted—"

She moved her hand toward his lips, but he took it in his, and repeated the word.

—"wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness can not entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect while yours was incomplete?"

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond myself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensation while his words were in her ears, and she remembered it long afterward.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand toward the moon. "I have looked at her, from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her, when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against my prison walls. I have looked at her in a state so dulled and lethargic that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full, and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them." He added with a smile, but in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon, "It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strange thrill with which she heard him go back to that time deepened as he dwelt upon it; but there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness and felicity with the dire endurance that was over.

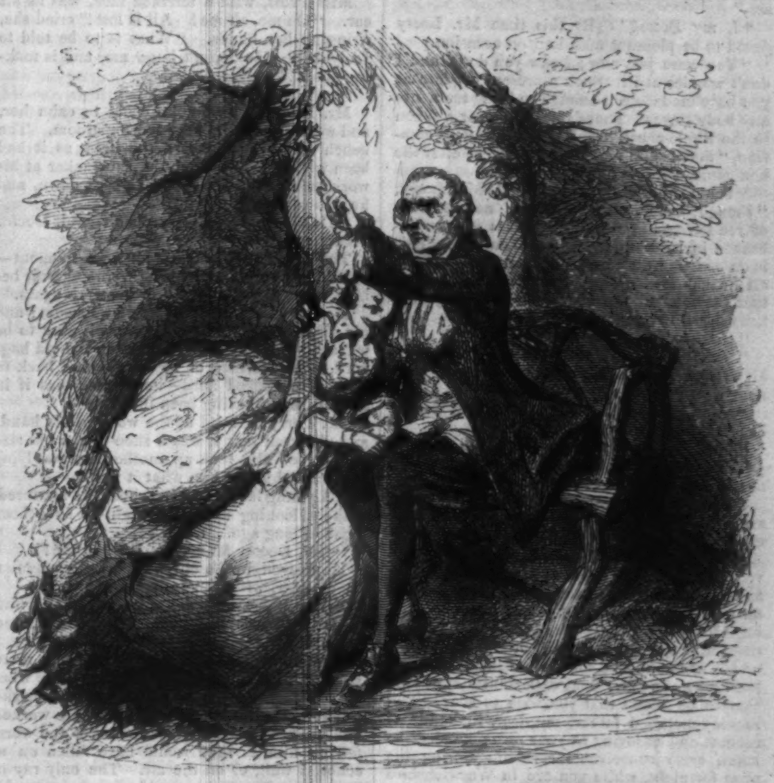
"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was alive. Whether it had been born alive, or the poor mother's shock had killed it. Whether it was a son who would some day avenge his father. (There was a time in my imprisonment, Lucie, when my desire for vengeance was unbearable.) Whether it was a son who would never know his father's story; who might even live to weigh the possibility of his father's having disappeared of his own will and act. Whether it was a daughter, who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him, and kissed his cheek and his hand.

"I have pictured my daughter, to myself, as perfectly forgetful of me—rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had such thoughts of a daughter who never existed, strikes to my heart as if I had been that child."

"You, my own? It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me that these remembrances arise and pass between us and the moon on this last night. What did I say, just now?"



"SEE!" SAID THE DOCTOR OF BEAUVAIS, ETC.

"She knew nothing of you. She cared nothing for you."

"Yes. But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way—have affected me with something as like a sorrowful sense of peace as any emotion that had pain for its foundations could—I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress. I have seen her image in the moonlight often, as I now see you, except that I never held her in my arms; it stood between the little grated window and the door. But you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of?"

"The figure was not; the—the—image; the fancy?"

"No. That was another thing. It stood before my disturbed sense of sight, but it never moved. The phantom that my mind pursued was another and more real child. Of her outward appearance I know no more than that she was like her mother. The other had that likeness too—as you have—but was not the same. Can you follow me, Lucie? Hardly, I think. I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions."

His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold as he thus tried to anatomize his old condition.

"In that more peaceful state I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture was in her room, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful; but my poor history pervaded it all."

"I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love that was I."

"And she showed me her children," said the Doctor of Beauvais, "and they had heard of me, and had been taught to pity me. When they passed any prison of the State they kept far from its frowning walls, and looked up at its bars, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me; I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things. But then, blessed with the relief of tears, I fell upon my knees and blessed her."

"I am that child, I hope, my father. Oh! my dear, my dear, will you bless me as fervently to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the reason that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have before us."

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By-and-by they went into the house.

There was no one bidden to the marriage but Mr. Lorry; there was even to be no bridemaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the apocryphal invisible lodger, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He regretted that Charles was not there; was more than half disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away; and drank to him affectionately.

So the time came for him to bid Lucie good-night, and they separated. But in the stillness of the third hour of the morning Lucie came down stairs again and stole into his room: not free from unshaped fears beforehand.

All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlet. She put her needless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and put her lips to his; then leaned over him and looked at him.

Into his handsome face the bitter waters of captivity had worn; but he covered up their tracks with a determination so strong, that he held the mastery of them, even in his sleep. A more remarkable face in its quiet, resolute, and guarded struggle with an unseen assailant was not to be beheld in all the wide dominions of sleep that night.

She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast, and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So the sunrise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane-tree moved upon his face as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NINE DAYS.

The marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the

Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross—to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconcilement to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for the yet lingering consideration that her brother Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been moving round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress; "and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you across the Channel, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought what I was doing! How lightly I valued the obligation I was conferring on my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter-of-fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it? Nonsense!"

"Really? Well; but don't cry," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying," said Miss Pross; "*you* are."

"I, my Pross?" (By this time Mr. Lorry dared to be pleasant with her, on occasion.)

"You were just now; I saw you do it, and I don't wonder at it. Such a present of plate as you have made 'em is enough to bring tears into any body's eyes. There's not a fork or a spoon in the whole chest," said Miss Pross, with emotion, "that I didn't cry over, last night after the box came, till I couldn't see it."

"I am highly gratified," said Mr. Lorry, "though, upon my honor, I had no intention of rendering those trifling articles of remembrance invisible to any one. Dear me! This is an occasion that makes a man speculate on all he has lost. Dear, dear, dear! To think that there might have been a Mrs. Lorry, any time these fifty years almost!"

"Not at all!" From Miss Pross.

"You think there might not have been a Mrs. Lorry?" asked the gentleman of that name.

"Pooh!" rejoined Miss Pross; "you were a bachelor in your cradle."

"Well!" observed Mr. Lorry, beamingly adjusting his little wig, "that seems probable, too."

"And you were cut out for a bachelor," pursued Miss Pross, "before you were put in your cradle."

"Then I think," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was very unhandsomely dealt with, and that I ought to have had a voice in the selection of my pattern. Enough! Now, my dear Lucie," drawing his arm soothingly round her waist, "I hear them moving in the next room, and Miss Pross and I, as two formal folks of business, are anxious not to lose the final opportunity of saying something to you that you wish to hear. You leave your good father, my dear, in hands as earnest and as loving as your own; he shall be taken every conceivable care of; during the next fortnight, while you are in Warwickshire and thereabouts, even Tellson's shall go to the wall (comparatively speaking) before him. And when, at the fortnight's end, he comes to join you and your beloved husband, on your other fortnight's trip in Wales, you shall say that we have sent him to you in the best health and in the happiest frame. Now I hear Somebody's step coming to the door. Let me kiss my dear girl with an old-fashioned bachelor blessing before Somebody comes to claim his own."

For a moment he held the fair face from him to look at the well-remembered expression on the forehead, and then laid the bright, golden hair against his little brown wig with a genuine tenderness and delicacy, which, if such things be old-fashioned, were as old as Adam.

The door of the Doctor's room opened, and he came out with Charles Darnay. He was so deadly pale—which had not been the case when they went in together—that no vestige of color was to be seen in his face. But in the composure of his manner he was unaltered, except that, to the shrewd glance of Mr. Lorry, it disclosed some shadowy indication that the old air of avoidance and dread had very recently passed over him like a cold wind.

He gave his arm to his daughter, and took her down stairs to the chariot which Mr. Lorry had hired in honor of the day. The rest followed in another carriage, and soon, in a neighboring church, where no strange eyes looked on, Charles Darnay and Lucie Manette were happily married.

Besides the glancing tears that shone among the smiles of the little group when it was done, some diamonds, very bright and sparkling, glanced on the bride's hand, which were newly released from the dark obscurity of one of Mr. Lorry's pockets. They returned home to breakfast, and all went well, and in due course the golden hair that had mingled with the poor shoemaker's white locks in the Paris garret were mingling with them again in the morning sunlight, on the threshold of the door, at parting.

It was a hard parting, though it was not for long. But her father cheered her, and said at last, gently disengaging himself from her enfolding arms, "Take her, dear Charles! She is yours!" And her agitated hand waved to them from a chaise window, and she was gone.

The corner being out of the way of the idle and curious, and the preparations having been very simple and few, the Doctor, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross were left quite alone. It was when they turned into the welcome shade of the cool old hall that Mr. Lorry observed a great change to have come over the Doctor; as if the golden arm uplifted there had struck him a poisoned blow.

He had naturally repressed much, and some revulsion might have been expected in him when the occasion for repression was gone. But it was the old scared, lost look that troubled Mr. Lorry; and through his absent manner of clasping his head and drearily wandering away into his own room when they got up stairs, Mr. Lorry was reminded of Defarge the wine-shop keeper, and the starlight ride.

"I think," he whispered to Miss Pross, after anxious consideration, "I think we had best not speak to him just now, or at all disturb him. I must look in at Tellson's; so I will go there at once and come back presently. Then we will take him a ride into the country, and dine there, and all will be well."

It was easier for Mr. Lorry to look in at Tellson's than to look out of Tellson's. He was detained there two hours. When he came back, he ascended the old staircase alone, having asked no question of the servant; and going thus into the Doctor's rooms he was stopped by a low sound of knocking.

"Good God!" he said, with a start. "What's that?"

Miss Pross, with a terrified face, was at his ear. "Oh me, oh me! All is lost!" cried she, wringing her hands. "What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn't know me, and is making shoes!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the Doctor's room. The bench was turned toward the light, as it had been when he had seen the shoemaker at his work before, and his head was bent down, and he was very busy.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!"

The Doctor looked at him for a moment—half inquiringly, half as if he were angry at being spoken to—and bent over his work again.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; and his shirt was open at the throat as it used to be when he did that work; and even the old haggard, faded surface of face had come back to him. He worked hard—impatiently—as if in some sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand, and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying by him and asked him what it was?

"A young lady's walking shoe," he muttered, without looking up. "It ought to have been finished long ago. Let it be."

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me!"

He obeyed, in the old mechanically submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing would induce him to speak more. He looked up, for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but no persuasion would extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on an echoless wall, or on the air. The only ray of hope that Mr. Lorry could discover was that he sometimes furtively looked up without being asked. In that there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity, as though he were trying to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

Two things at once impressed themselves on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that it must be kept secret from all who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps toward the latter precaution by giving out that the Doctor was not well, and required a few days of complete rest. In aid of the kind deception to be practiced on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter of two or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been addressed to her by the same post.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon he kept another course in reserve; which was to have a certain opinion that he thought the best on the Doctor's case.

In the hope of his recovery, and of resort to this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively, with as little appearance as possible of doing so. He therefore made arrangements to absent himself from Tellson's for the first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, he became worried. He abandoned that attempt on the first day, and resolved merely to keep himself always before him, as a silent protest against the delusion into which he had fallen, or was falling. He remained, therefore, in his seat near the window, reading and writing, and expressing in as many pleasant and natural little ways as he could think of, that it was a free place.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to eat and drink, and worked on, on that first day, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to read or write. When he put his tools aside as useless, until morning, Mr. Lorry rose and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, looked up in the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way asking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics that had been of late familiar to them. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it, however confusedly. This encouraged Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work several times during the day; at those times they quietly spoke of Miss Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing amiss. This was done without any demonstrative accompaniment, not long enough or often enough to harass him; and it lightened Mr. Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener, and that he appeared to be stirred by some perception of inconsistencies surrounding him.

When it fell dark again Mr. Lorry asked him as before:

"Dear Doctor, will you go out?"

As before he repeated, "Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time Mr. Lorry feigned to go out when he could extract no answer from him, and after remaining absent for an hour returned. In the mean while the Doctor had removed to the seat in the window, and had sat there looking down at the plane-tree; but on Mr. Lorry's return he slipped away to his bench.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's hope darkened, and his heart grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With a hope ever darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry passed through this anxious time. The secret was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but he could not fail to observe that the shoemaker, whose hand had been a little out at first, was growing dreadfully skillful, and that he had never been so intent on his work, and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

A FEW WORDS TO THE FARMERS.

THE wheat crop of the United States this year is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels. There is necessarily some guess-work in such estimates; there never has been, and probably never will be, a perfectly accurate return of the total amount of grain raised and threshed within the limits of the Confederacy. But if we take the reports of those States which are wise enough to compute their agricultural yield year by year, and estimate the crop in the other States according to the most reliable data, correcting the aggregate by reference to the last census reports, we shall arrive at the conclusion that the wheat crop this year does not probably vary far from 200,000,000 bushels.

The quality of the bulk of this wheat is excellent. Last year the wheat crop was not only small in quantity but also inferior in quality. The grain was small, and made poor flour. Much of the grain and flour exported to Europe netted a loss, simply because it could not compare with the sounder product of England, France, or Russia. This year all accounts concur in reporting the grain sound and remarkably heavy. Some Michigan wheat exhibited on 'Change in this city has been compared to the famous wheat of Dantzic. The well known white Tennessee wheat, which has failed so regularly of late years, is this season abundant and as fine as ever.

The value of this great wheat crop can be best realized when we say that it is worth considerably more than the greatest cotton crop ever raised in the United States. The cotton crop of 1858, considerably the largest ever raised, has not been sold for over $175,000,000; the wheat crop of 1859 will command fully $200,000,000.

The question which now arises with regard to this enormous property is, when will it come to market?

On the face of it such a question should carry with it its own answer. Each wheat-grower depends on his wheat for the maintenance of his family; it ought to be fair to suppose, especially as the great wheat-growing sections of the country are poor, that no time will be lost in forwarding the crop to a market and exchanging it for dry goods, groceries, and money. Unfortunately there has been, of late years, so much speculation and gambling in wheat, and there is so much false economy afloat in the rural districts, that this natural and obvious plan may not be generally followed. During the Crimean war bad harvests in Europe, and a factitious demand for cereals created by the war, caused the price of wheat to rise to the preposterous price of $2 a bushel. Many farmers, it is feared, have adopted that very extraordinary figure as their standard, and will decline to sell at a lower rate. A notion seems to prevail, too, in many parts of the West, that if the farmers will only hold back their grain, and keep the market sparingly supplied, prices must rise. We see intimations in some of the rural journals that the farmers are in no hurry to forward their crops, and intend to choose their own time.

This is a matter in which foolish counsel may do a great deal of mischief. It is well that the farmers of the United States should realize the fact that the prices of 1856 and 1857 are a thing of the past, and that, without some great catastrophe, which is not very likely, they will never rule again. The area of wheat-growing land is increasing more rapidly than the consumption of wheat: Russia alone, in a year or two, will export ten times the number of bushels she exported before the Crimean war. Civilization, and its first fruit the wheat plant, are spreading over America, Europe, Asia, and Australia; it is clear that, in the year 1865 or 1870, a failure of the wheat crop in England or our Western States will create but a slight fluctuation in the price of the staple. The fertility of our Western country is likely to provide us with a surplus each year; but the main market on which our wheat growers must rely hereafter will evidently be the home market.

It is yet too soon to speak confidently of the harvests of Europe. At our latest accounts the July drought and consequent storms had proved injurious to the wheat in France, and likewise—though in a less degree—to the crop in England. There were also rumors of mischief among the potatoes in Ireland. We shall know the true amount of the damage that has been done to these staples before our Western wheat is ready for shipment. If that damage have been serious, an advance in breadstuffs must follow. If it has been exaggerated, ruling prices can only be sustained by combinations of speculators.

We will assume that the latter hypothesis will prove the true one. In this case the true policy of the farmer will be to send his grain to market as soon as it is in condition to be shipped.

By retaining it in his barns in the hope of higher prices he runs a risk which no prudent man should willingly incur. If the crops of Europe fulfill the promise they have held out all summer, there can be no substantial advance in breadstuffs for twelve months to come. On the contrary, the tendency of prices—which are now sustained to some extent in all markets by speculators—will be downward. In October, November, and December the quantity of grain seeking sale on all the markets of the commercial world will be unprecedented. Though a few farmers may manage to hold out, many will be compelled by their necessities to sell, and these will keep prices down. In addition to the loss of interest, and risk of fire, damp, and all the various injuries to which grain in store is liable, the farmer who holds over till next spring may find himself compelled to part with his property at much lower prices than those which are now current.

The famine prices of 1856 have engendered a grievous fallacy in the rural mind as to the cost of growing wheat. Farmers are heard to declare that they can not afford to raise wheat under a dollar a bushel delivered on their farm. If any catastrophe should raise the price of wheat to $4 a bushel, we should in like manner hear, the year after, that the staple could not possibly be raised under $2 or $3 delivered on the field. The fact is, that in ordinary localities in the Western States, within a day's journey of a railroad, 50 cents a bushel is a very handsome reward to a thrifty farmer for raising and threshing wheat. The West can grow rich by raising wheat and selling it at 75 cents a bushel in Chicago, or $1 a bushel at New York. We know that a great many farmers don't think so. But it is the case, nevertheless. The British farmers took Heaven to witness that they would be utterly ruined, and their families left to starve, if the English corn-laws were repealed, and American wheat admitted to the British markets free of duty; the corn-laws were repealed, however, and the British farmers are more prosperous than ever. So it will be with ours. The very men who are now refusing to send forward their grain to be sold here at $1 25 the bushel, will live to grow rich by growing wheat at 50 cents delivered on their farm.

It is a very simple matter; but, like many similar questions, the final settlement must probably be left to experience. Hundreds of farmers, we dare say, will shut their ears to argument, and, with visions of 1856 prices before them, will hold back their grain this fall, live in miserable poverty all winter, and sell next spring at 25 cents less than they could obtain next month. Old as the proverb is, there are but few among us who truly realize the worth of the pregnant saw—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

THE BRITISH EAST INDIAN PROBLEM.

Many months since, at the time the British Parliament passed the Act formally uniting Hindostan to the British Empire, we expressed the opinion that the remedy was not radical enough, and that the great East Indian danger, which Metcalfe and Napier had foreseen, and which had, in fact, burst forth in armed rebellion in May, 1857, was by no means averted.

The latest intelligence from India looks like an earlier confirmation of our views than we anticipated. The white troops, lately of the East India Company's service and now in the service of the Queen, have mutinied at Meerut. It does not appear that any blood has been shed. The grievance which caused the mutiny was the attempt of the Government to press these men into the British service without giving them the bounty invariably allowed to recruits. This, of course, is a small trouble which can be easily overcome by the disbursement of a few pounds. It is the incidentals and the surrounding circumstances which give importance to the event.

Thus we are told that the very whisper of a mutiny among the white troops roused the Hindoos of Meerut and the vicinity to unwonted excitement. They shook off the patient apathy which, since the victories of Lord Clyde, has been the chief characteristic of their demeanor; they watched the mutineers with feverish anxiety; they collected in knots and clusters, and conversed together in under-tones; people hurried into Meerut from neighboring villages, apparently prepared to see startling events. On the other hand, Lord Clyde's preparations, necessary and prudent as they probably were, were calculated to lead the Hindoos to believe that the Sahibs were frightened. Large masses of Queen's troops were mustered around the mutineers, who were disarmed with the usual show and parade. Heavy guns were placed in position, and canister and grape were served out to the gunners. Every preparation was made for a sharp contest.

Of all this the Hindoos will naturally say that Lord Clyde has had a narrow escape, and that many of the white men are on their side and against the Government. Such a conviction is not likely to check their natural tendency to renew the rebellion.

There is in truth something sublime in the fatuity with which the British statesmen removed the government of India from one room to another in the city of London, and then sat down satisfied that they had cured the evils which caused the late rebellion. If they had passed, or even proposed, one single measure for the improvement of the social condition or the political rights of the native population of the Presidencies, one might perhaps approach to an understanding of the serene security in which they are reposing. But it is a fact that not one word has been said in Parliament, not one ordinance has been passed by the new Indian Council, that is calculated in any degree to mitigate the grievances which roused the Hindoos to armed resistance against their masters. India is still governed, as it has been for the last twenty years, by Englishmen in London. Their decrees are still carried out by Englishmen in India whose only feeling toward the Hindoos is one of contempt and hatred. The back-bone of the new Indian policy, as of the old, is how to sell the most cotton goods to India, and how to get the most money from its people in return. The only legislative novelty which has marked the administration of the new Indian Department has been a series of fruitless attempts to raise money by expedients which would have disgraced even Austrian financiers.

At this rate it will not take long to test the value of the new system; and we are not surprised to hear that, though the condition of affairs in Europe requires England to muster as large a force as possible at home, within the past month large reinforcements have been dispatched to Calcutta.

A NEW SPANISH PAPER IN NEW YORK.

We have received the first number of *El Noticioso*, a new Spanish-American journal, which has been established in this city under the auspices of the ministers of those republics. It is intended for a steamer paper, being published six times a month, on steamer days for Cuba and South America, forming thus a Spanish-American paper after the plan of *Wilmer & Smith's European Times*. The new journal has a business look, and we wish it long life and prosperous times.

THE LOUNGER.

BOZ.

Many uncertain rumors have at length assumed the form of a distinct and apparently authorized assertion, that Mr. Dickens is coming to America again, to read in public.

It is more than seventeen years since he arrived in Boston upon his previous visit. He had written "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge." He was not yet thirty years old, and the most popular and famous of living English authors. The personality which he had infused into his writings—an irresistible *bonhomie*—a frank loyalty to all that is generous in human nature—excited an unequal enthusiasm every where, and he was received in America as nobody else ever was or will be. We stuffed pudding into his mouth and into our own eyes and ears and minds, and bore him along in a kind of ecstasy. It was the beatification of Boz.

He had his own purposes, perhaps, in coming here, and when he returned he wrote a book about us. The worst that can be said of that book is, that it was bad policy. He wrote freely what he thought, and instantly alienated an entire national sympathy. On the first of January, 1842, there was perhaps no man in the world who had so universal a *personal* regard in America as Dickens. On the first of January, 1843, that personal feeling was quite gone, and he was coolly acknowledged to be only a distinguished novelist. Since his visit that familiar, affectionate title of Boz has been quite forgotten. He is, and for many years has been, Mr. Charles Dickens.

This remarkable change was of course partly the reaction of our own enthusiasm, of which we were possibly a little ashamed, and so made our idol our scape-grace. But the change itself is beyond dispute, and although the lapse of time has softened the feeling, and a new generation reads and delights in him for itself, that fresh, loyal, and lyrical enthusiasm is gone forever.

Nor is it to be denied that twenty-three years of active literary life have worn off the wonder of novelty—that his later works have been less popularly liked, although he commands more readers than any author—and that recent private events in his life, both domestic and commercial, have not fostered a kinder feeling toward him upon this side of the sea.

All this is perfectly familiar, and is current in all conversation. Whoever says it, therefore, is telling no secrets; and surely he who believes firmly and fully in the rare genius of Dickens—who regards him as one of the great human benefactors—who finds in his imagination a Shakesperian affluence, and in his deep human sympathy a tenderness not to be named after that of any other famous man—need not affect to be unconscious of what every body knows and says.

There will be no repetition of the old reception, but there can be no doubt of the success of his tour. Mrs. Kemble's triumphs in reading Shakespeare are a foreshadowing of Dickens's in reading Dickens. It is just the thing we all like, and it is—if we may judge from unanimous report—perfectly done.

A VISIT TO A JAIL.

A few days since we went to a county jail. It is attached to the court-house, as is frequently the case in the country; and the jailer and his family seemed to be humane and thoughtful. The jail-door opened into the yard of the house, and upon opening it, we stood in a narrow passage, a little wider than the breadth of the door, with a cell upon each side upon the ground-floor. In the door of each cell there was a small open square through which to communicate with the prisoners. The cell in which the man was confined whom we went to see was perhaps ten feet broad by twelve long. It had one high grated window opening into the yard.

In this cell there were four prisoners. Two of them young fellows of about twenty—the others older. We saw no beds; but there were some pieces of crockery, two or three stools, and some old newspapers and pamphlets. The men had on woolen shirts and trowsers. They crowded to the square as the door was opened; and when they discovered whose visitor it was they fell back. The oldest moved restlessly up and down the cell; another clambered up as near to the window as he could reach; and the other, who was the companion of the subject of the visit, stood just behind him to hear the conversation. They all had the same weary, listless air. They seemed to be consumed by intolerable ennui. They said if they could only take a turn in the corridor it would be some relief. If they could only have some work to do it would be happiness. But day after day, month after month, to turn like wild beasts in the little cage, and to be utterly unable to do any thing but count the minutes, was intolerable. They could read, but what little taste they might have for reading was dulled and destroyed by the state of mind produced by such imprisonment. The young man we went to see had been severely ill of an inflammatory disorder; but he had remained in the cell with the rest, and had been treated there during all the time.

The oldest prisoner was a man of perhaps forty years of age. "It is my opinion," said he, as he nervously paced up and down, "that this sort of thing does no man any good, and that such a boy as this," touching the one we had come to see, "will come out a good deal worse than he came in"—and we could not but agree in that opinion.

For is this mere caging of offenders a system of revenge, or of improvement? If society mean to catch a boy who is foolishly led astray, as this one was, by the throat, and throw him into a hole, keep him there for six or eight months, and then suppose that it has done any thing but make a criminal of him—it simply repeats a very old mistake. If men break the laws they must be punished; but then they must be punished in such a way as not to make them resolved to break weightier laws. It is often said that prisons must not be made palaces, and that many a man would commit a crime for the sake of securing the shelter and food of a jail. But facts do not sustain the theory. Imprisonment under any circumstances is so repulsive and frightful to every body, that it is found people would rather beg and run the risk of starvation than go to the poor-house, which is a kind of pauper prison—yet without the shame of crime. Liberty is about as deep an instinct in human nature as life itself.

There must be laws, and there will be law-breakers. There must, therefore, be punishments. But certainly the object of punishment is not revenge, but reformation. In the case we have described, what are the chances that a boy, overwhelmed by the mere shame of arrest and imprisonment, who is shut up in a little room with older offenders, all of whom are exasperated by incessant confinement and tortured with idleness—having nothing to do but to talk over old projects and to design new—what are the chances that such a boy will emerge chastened, or with the slightest inclination to do better? Will not his feeling inevitably be that he has an account to settle with society? The question is not whether it ought to be so, nor whether he has not had tracts given him to read during his imprisonment, but what, under the circumstances, is most likely to be the result of the method of punishment which society has inflicted upon him.

Is there any reason why the system of social labor by day, and solitary confinement by night, which is pursued in the State Prisons, should not be followed in the County Jails? It will take more care and expense. Very likely. So it does to have railroad bridges sound instead of rotten. It would be a judicious outlay of the public money to pay the chief practical managers of the jails all over the State as much as District-Attorneys and Attorney-Generals receive. And it would be an act of Christian charity, and of good citizenship, for every body to inform themselves of the actual condition of the prisons in their counties. Half of the harm of the prison influence upon the convict arises from the feeling that he is a Pariah, an outcast—that nobody cares for him.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"You promised to die," said Joseph Mazzini, shaking his long finger from the tribune at the members of the Roman Assembly of '48–'49. His black hair had been silvered in a few days with gray. "You promised to die. Come with me." But they did not come. It is so easy to promise—so hard to perform. Mazzini felt that they would not support him—that his own death would be a useless, others might justly say, a criminal sacrifice—and he escaped to England.

For ten years he has lived there, always sad, always brooding, always hoping for Italy. Condemned as a wild fanatic—as a dreamy, amiable enthusiast, even less practical than Kossuth—the stern Roman republican has led his melancholy life, sighing only "Liberty and Italian unity."

These are the ten years during which the splendid success of Louis Napoleon has dazzled many hopeful eyes. The years during which his saturnine silence has been accepted as the mood of a great mind deeply pondering the political regeneration of Europe, instead of the stealth and shrewdness of an adroit and unscrupulous adventurer. Three months ago, when Napoleon entered Italy, there was many a man who said, "Poor Mazzini! now he will see how his aims can be practically attained. What can a dreamer do? Here is a man who understands men; and the tyrant whom Mazzini has christened 'the man of lies' will prove to be the liberator of Italy."

The stern Republican replied, only, "Beware of Emperor! Beware of King! Beware of Pope! Liberty and Italian unity!"

The good world shrugged its shoulders, and fixed its eyes upon the practical man who was to liberate Italy.

That liberation terminated at Villafranca. The proclamations, and manifestoes, and harangues of the restorer of nationalities, and of his friend and ally, the destroyer of nationalities, have been followed by Mazzini's protest. In a strain of fervid and copious eloquence—a strain that flows like a stream of lava—he reviews the position: he shows, what he foreshowed, that Italy has gained nothing, that Austria and France have struck hands, and that Sardinia is a fief of France. He exhorts to instant union, and active resistance, for a united republican Italy. But he does not say, what every student of affairs must feel, that it is only to be purchased by a Continental religious war.

For no nation can serve two masters. The principle of absolute human authority in religion is incompatible in any State, with a sincere practice of the democratic principle in politics. The doctrine of individual liberty must be consistent. Now among a people, politically, religiously, socially, and intellectually debauched by the despotic or absolute principle, what hope is there of any thing but a profoundly radical, and therefore very gradual, movement? When the fountain is muddy, why try to purify the stream?

Any effort to be permanently effective in Italy must be a religious effort. Where priests rule, republicanism can not prosper, and priests will rule in Italy until the revolution is organized upon the religious ground. But to do that is to light the flame of a new thirty years' war. And when it is remembered that the priestly power holds by means of tradition and of political terror, the change may not be so hopeless.

Meanwhile Mazzini's proclamations will sound only like splendid but melancholy *misereres*.

THE RAILROAD CRISIS.

The simple point for simple people to meditate over the late railway disasters is this. There are very few paying railroads in the country. Most of them are heavily mortgaged. The directors have to determine whether they will take the risk of appropriating the earnings of the road to keeping it in good repair, and *then* paying the interest on the mortgages; or whether they will take the risk of first paying the interest in full, and *then*, if any thing be left, keep the road in proper condition. They know that if the interest is not paid every six months, the mortgages will be foreclosed and the road virtually sold out. They do not know that if the road is left to its natural wear and tear, any particular bridge will give way, or any other special accident happen at any special place. They do not know it. They merely know that the road is always wearing out at every point. But they will run for luck the next six months. So, as in this case, they may or may not pay the interest; but they deliberately murder nine innocent people.

How long do the American people, the most locomotive of all, propose to put themselves at the mercy of railroad companies, whose sole object is to make their road a paying property instead of a safe transit? It is clear that there must be more stringent laws upon the subject, or, under the exasperation of some awful calamity, there will be mob-law. Already it is said that Mr. President and Superintendent William White would not be personally safe in the neighborhood of Schaghticoke. And the moment an intelligent community believes that the laws are not careful enough of human lives confided to corporations, that moment there will be a bill presented by the people against those corporations.

It is easy to say that laws will not help the matter; but it is as foolish as it is easy. We do not wish any *ex post facto* enactments. But let railroad directors hereafter understand, in this State at least, that they have assumed personal and pecuniary liabilities. If a culvert is proved to have been insufficient or a bridge insecure, and the insufficiency and insecurity were the consequence of parsimony, or ignorance, or carelessness—might, in fact, have been avoided—let the Directors be liable to imprisonment, and a fine exacted which every stockholder shall feel aching in his own pocket. If, under a popular form of government, we can not contrive to respect human life, let us try a despotism and begin again. Where the Governments supervise railways passengers are safe.

Even if the present excitement come to nothing, the day of reckoning is only deferred. Twenty per cents and vested interests are powerful things. But human life and human rights in general are more powerful, and in the long-run, although very slowly, they are sure to carry the day.

NEWSPAPER HONESTY.

If a gentleman repeats something that he has heard of another, and that other assures him that it is untrue, he hastens to repair the injury he has done by confessing every where and stringently that he was mistaken, and that the story is untrue. This is simple decency. The man who would decline to act in this manner either believes that the other lies, which is an account between them, or else he is so unutterably mean as to prefer that the other should be injured by a slander rather than that his own reputation for infallibility should suffer.

Why should not a public journal behave with similar propriety? If it say, "There was an earthquake in Charleston yesterday," and it turns out that it was misinformed, why not say so instantly instead of muttering, "Well, at any rate there was an earthquake in Lisbon during the last century; and our correspondent (anonymous) says he *did* hear a noise in his cellar." For such a wretched equivocation a man would be kicked out of decent society.

There is nothing more comical than the newspaper assumption of infallibility; because it deceives nobody. When the morning paper comes, we all know that it is Bobs who writes on the Pacific Railroad, and Cobs who does the heavy political thunder, and Dobs the sarcastic quizzing, and Fobs and Gobs, who have supped with the Prima Donna and the light comedian after the play, who write the eulogies of opera and drama. It is all called *The Gazette*, or *The Standard*. But we recognize under the roar and the hairy mane only Snout the tinker, who, like a good fellow, wants to be recognized and have the pudding of praise as well as that of pay.

Well, now, when Snout says what is not true about somebody who lives in Portland or San Francisco, we all know that he reports a rumor—that is to say, he prints a letter which he has received, or the substance of it, and in good faith. He says justly that he can not stop to verify every thing he finds in his exchanges or in his customary correspondence. We all understand it. We all know that he may make misstatements. He, Snout the tinker, is a man like the rest of us. We hope, also, that he is a gentleman. The somebody about whom he printed the rumor writes that it is untrue. Now Snout's course is very plain. He may say "You lie," and stick to his statement; or he may say "We are very sorry to have reported an untruth in regard to somebody in Portland."

If he say the first, he probably has his reasons. If he say the last, he makes an honorable apology. But if he try to worm between the two—to wriggle out a sort of explanation which leaves, and is intended to leave, the impression that it wasn't exactly as he said, but the thing was really so after all, why, then, he betrays his *animus*; he shows that his wish was not to tell the truth, but to injure somebody in Portland; and every body says what a —— sneak Snout the tinker is!

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Wash, H. C. The lines are the first of the Sixth Canto of Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

> "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land!"

—Paul Pry. The entire number of new books, new editions, and reprints, published in England every year, is about five thousand. This includes pamphlets, and makes a rate of nearly fourteen every day.

—Delta's lines are full of tender feeling. But they do not seem to the Lounger so striking as to claim the necessary space for print in his column. He thanks Delta for his courteous note.

—Columbia, Pennsylvania. "A Woman's Poem" was written by Richard Henry Stoddard.

—Alpheus. There was never any thing certainly known of the fate of the Collins steamer *Pacific*.

—Waterbury, Connecticut, after saying that the line "Now twilight lets her curtain down," etc., was by MacDonald Clarke, adds that "a pretty full account" of him is to be found in Mrs. Childs's "Letters from New York."

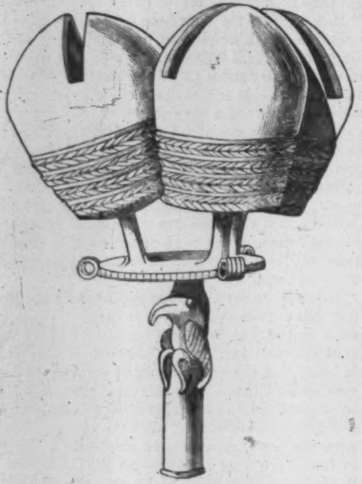


Figure 1.

MORE ABOUT THE GOLD DISCOVERIES OF THE ISTHMUS.

Apropos of the interesting golden relics found in the province of Veragua, near Panama, and of which illustrations were printed in the *Weekly* of 6th August. It is a mistake to suppose that the fact of their occurrence, in considerable numbers, in the Indian graves of that district is a late discovery. Large quantities have been taken out, from time to time, for many years past; and I was informed by the late Governor of the Bank of England that several thousand pounds' worth were annually remitted from the Isthmus, as bullion, to that establishment. Most of the figures which I saw at the Bank were exceedingly rude, but there were a few among them of relatively fine design and good workmanship. None, however, were quite equal in either respect to some relics dug up during the construction of the Panama Railway, of which I inclose accurate drawings. They were found about seven miles from Panama, on the left bank of the Rio Grande, six feet below the surface of the ground. Trees between two and three feet in diameter were growing over them.

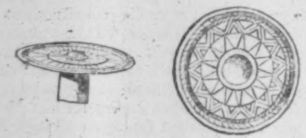


Figure 2.

Figure 1 is engraved one-fourth of the size of the original, and consists of three bells firmly attached to a disk, which is supported by a hollow handle wrought in the form of a bird. The gold of which the whole is composed is slightly alloyed with silver. It will be observed, that in form and general style of ornament these bells coincide with one of those found at Chiriqui, and figured in the *Weekly*. Their workmanship, however, is superior. Persons gifted with acute ears profess that they are able to distinguish a nice adjustment of tones in the bells, which certainly give out a very clear, liquid sound. The balls inclosed in the bells seem to be of a different metal—perhaps silver.

Figure 2 is a perspective and vertical view of a kind of boss of pure gold, engraved one-fourth size of original. The disk is composed of two thin plates; the one below is attached to a short, hollow cylinder; that above is turned down at its edges, so as to lap over the rim of the plate below. The star in its centre is formed by cutting through the plate, but the other ornaments, which are in *relief*, appear to have been *struck up* with a die, and are exceedingly regular and chaste.

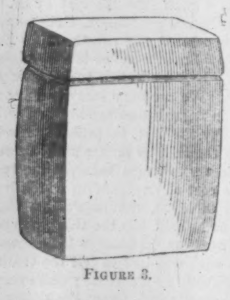


Figure 3.

Figure 3 is a golden box, of full size. It is cast, and the lid fits over the flange of the body with great exactness. The gold is considerably alloyed with copper, and the box is much worn on its exterior, as if it had been used for a long time.

Figure 4 represents a number of beads of gold found at the same place. They are thin—in fact, simple shells, easily crushed between the fingers—and were no doubt originally *plated over* beads of bone or shell, which have decayed. I have found beads of this kind plated over in like manner, but with silver instead of gold, in the mounds of our own country. In connection with these was also found what appeared to have been a hollow globe of gold, not thicker than writing paper. It had probably covered a globe of wood or ball of other material, which had disappeared.

Figure 5, drawn one-fourth size of original, is a singular relic, the purposes of which are not obvious. It is of cast gold, and quite massive, consisting of a series of pairs of birds'-heads, rudely designed, all evidently cast in the same mould or from the same model, and afterward soldered together. To facilitate this process, each pair was cast with a flange at each lower corner, pierced by a hole, through which was passed a stiff golden wire. By this device the various sections were kept exactly in place while the soldering was effected.

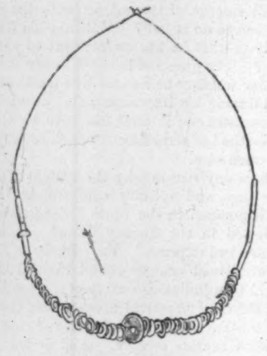


Figure 4.

Figure 6 represents the same relic reversed, so as to show the hollows left in the casting. These are still partly filled with the fine, black, indurated sand which formed part of the matrices in which the sections were cast. As illustrating the processes of aboriginal art, these relics are extremely interesting. A number of others were found at the same time and in the same place, but were scattered by the workmen who discovered them.

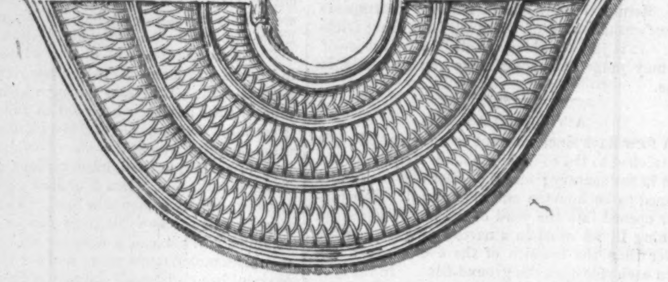
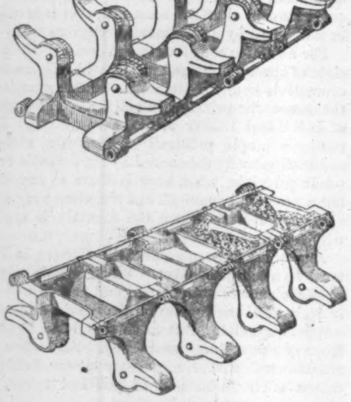


Figure 7.

I possess a number of other relics of gold found near Antióquia, in New Granada, to the southward of Panama. Of these Figure 7 is a superior example. The design, which is in relief, seems to have been worked out in gold wire, on the back of which was cast a thin plate of gold, so as to give the whole the appearance and solidity of a single piece.

The same device seems to have been resorted to in producing the ornamental line on the back of the Serpent, Figure 8. We find it again in Figure 9, where the outlines of the features of the face, and the arms, hands, etc., were all evidently formed of gold wire, to which the flat surface was afterward cast. Figures 10, 11, 12, and 13 are of full size, and display a certain degree of skill. They all have little rings at their backs for suspension; and, like Figure 7, were doubtless designed as pendants, either for the nose or ears, or on the breast of their ancient owner.



Figures 5 and 6.

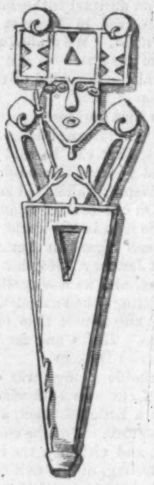
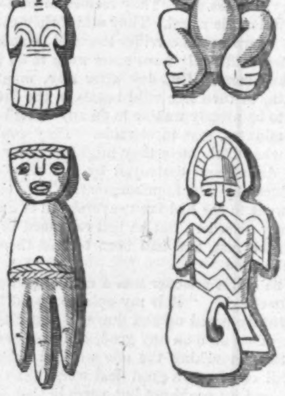


Figure 9.

Farther to the southward, in Peru, the aborigines were remarkably skillful in working the precious metals. They cast them in moulds, soldered them, inlaid them, and reduced them into leaves. They were generally cast hollow, and with such perfection as often to leave no trace of the joints of the mould. They sometimes cast objects combining gold, silver, and copper, in alternate bands, so well inlaid and united as to appear to form one mass. Figure 14 is an example of this kind of work. The body of the figure itself is composed of a mixture of silver, antimony, and tin. Occasionally, in vases and other open vessels, they embossed figures on the outside by hammering from the interior, as shown in the accompanying vase, Figure 15, which is greatly reduced from the original. Figure 16 is a reduced representation of a Peruvian vase of silver, cast solid.

As to the origin and date of the golden relics found at Chiriqui there is no doubt. Columbus, when he discovered Chiriqui Lagoon, in his fourth voyage, found all the chiefs and important people decorated with these and similar ornaments, which, as he says in his relation, gave him "great promise of the richness of the country in gold and silver." Hence he named the district *Castilla del Oro;* and hence the coast came to be known as *Costa Rica*, or rich coast—a name still preserved as that of the State of Central America adjoining the Isthmus. He mentions particularly, among the ornaments worn by the chiefs, great plates or mirrors of gold suspended on their breasts, "which they would neither sell nor exchange." These are unquestionably the "golden plates, from three to twelve inches in diameter," mentioned by Dr. Otis, and of one of which an engraving is given in the *Weekly*. Columbus adds that the Indians cast gold with some degree of skill, "but in no way equal to the Spaniards." He says also that "in all the regions around Veragua the Indians inter with their chiefs, when they die, all the gold which they possess. Thus it is," he continues, in a moralizing strain, "that all men seek gold; they barter all they can spare of their produce for gold; gold is excellent; with it they lay up wealth here; and they even take it to their grave, as a comfort to their souls hereafter. Alas! for the follies of men who know not that gold is only valuable in its use, not in its accumulation."



Figures 10, 11, 12, 13.

Figure 8.

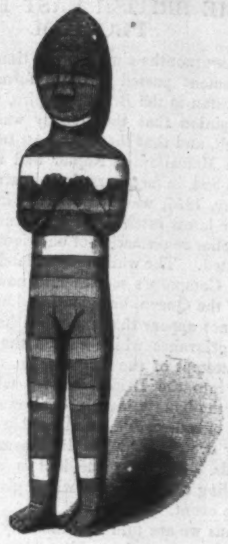


Figure 14.

Singularly enough old Diego de Porras, who accompanied Columbus, has given us a list of the various articles of gold which the Admiral obtained at the *Bahia del Almirante*, as Chiriqui Lagoon was then called. He says:

"The number of pieces of gold which we obtained, great and small, was 220—weighing altogether 9 *marcos*, 3 *ochavas*, 7 *tomines*, and 1 grain [equal to about 80 ounces]. There were also 12 pieces of *guani* [gold much alloyed], weighing one mark and six ounces. Two pieces were not weighed—one a large tube, and the other a plate like a mirror."

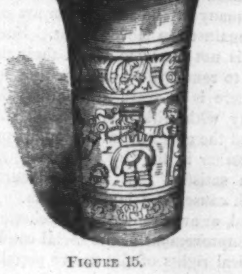


Figure 15.

In the last accounts from the "grave diggings" of Veragua, mention is made of the discovery of a "crown or hat of gold;" which reminds us of some of the articles which were taken from one of the principal caziques of Veragua, whom Columbus made prisoner, enumerated by Porras. He says: "Among these were five large golden mirrors, and two *coronas*, or crowns."

So much for the discoveries of the *conquistadors:* they robbed from the living; our modern adventurers rob from the dead. E. G. Squier.

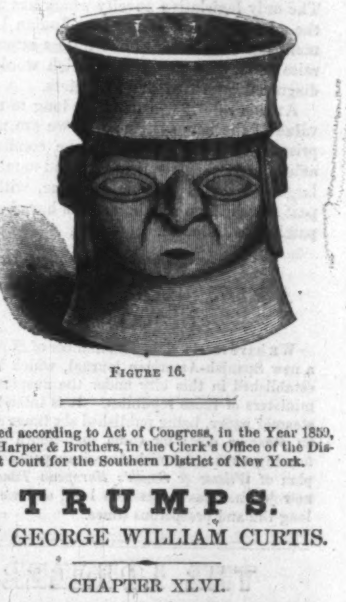


Figure 16.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

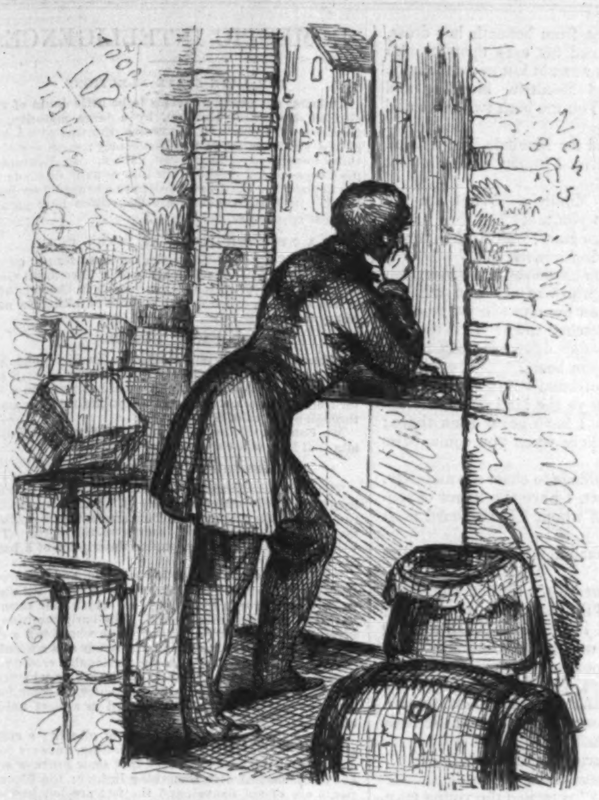
TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FROM LAWRENCE NEWT'S BACK WINDOW.

Is Lawrence Newt to be blamed that he stood many a long half-hour at the window of the loft in the rear of his office and looked up at the window where he had seen Amy Waring that summer morning? Thomas Tray and Gabriel Bennet were not surprised. They would not have been surprised if he had done things much more inexplicable than that. Young Venables declared that he expected to see the day when Lawrence Newt would drive an omnibus in



LAWRENCE NEWT SEES THE REASON WHY.

Broadway, and carry passengers for nothing, or pull it himself on the same terms, to save the horses.

Then merry laughter rang in the counting-room of the India merchant. And if he entered while the music was still sounding he did not scowl nor march into his inner room with conscious unconsciousness of all his clerks; but he bowed and smiled, and asked Venables how his sister was, or Gabriel how Ellen liked the fairy poem of the "Culprit Fay," of which he had sent her a manuscript copy, which Ellen's cousin, Amy Waring, had made for him; or Thomas Tray stopped him to say that Mrs. Tray thanked him for the basket of wonderful fruit, and to add, that the box of tea was the most delicious and timely thing that was ever thought of.

It was perhaps owing to these little eccentricities of character and conduct that all Mr. Lawrence Newt's clerks worked for him with an industry and sympathy which were of the greatest assistance to the business. Thomas Tray told his wife that he was positively glad when business was so pressing that he had to stay at the office until late in the evening.

"Thank you," Mrs. Tray would say, with a slightly hurt air.

Thomas, intent only upon gratitude, would reply, "My dear!" in such a tone of incredulous surprise and affection that his wife—she was fifty, if a day!—who had set this little snare to entrap a kind word or look, or even gentle reproach, to be immediately smoothed up, said, instantly,

"Of course, Thomas."

Upon which it has been known to happen that, interrupting the order of his remarks, this decorous and exact book-keeper walked straight up to his wife, who might be washing her tea-cups, and kissed her—positively kissed her, although they had grandchildren—and with as much love and respect and admiration as he had kissed her thirty years before, when they were first married.

Do you suppose that Mrs. Thomas Tray disliked a man who was indirectly and remotely the cause of that kiss? Nay, what tea, and whose, had been in the very cups she was washing?

The humble houses of Venables and Bennet also—were they not loyal to Lawrence Newt? He was a bachelor. Amy Waring was sure, and sad, that he was born to be a bachelor; but he had homes enough, for all that—homes in which he was loved like a friend, a brother, an uncle, a father—there was only one other way in which he could be loved.

He had often enough wondered what particular errand of mercy had brought Amy Waring to the house in the rear of his store; and he gazed at the window, but never saw her there again. He had understood her beckoning movement as an indication that she did not wish him to give himself the trouble to come up, and that she did not choose to have her charities inspected.

It was natural enough. Had he not been ready to run with shame when Amy Waring had caught him upon a charitable errand at the Widow Simmer's? And suppose he had run then! Very certainly he would not have been standing now and looking up curiously at the window in the upper story of the dingy red brick house behind his store, because very certainly he would not have known Amy Waring.

When he came to this point in his reflections his hands sank into his pockets and his eyes clung to the window with immovable tenacity.

While thus the master Lawrence sat dreaming, the clerk Gabriel, in the office, was fast mastering the mystery of the machinery of business. It was becoming very clear to him. Even double entry did not fly his comprehension. He became familiar with the names of ships and merchants; and in the evenings he read aloud books of travel, which unfolded to him the character and natural history of foreign lands. To a youth who handled Asian and East Indian commodities, and wrote about them in invoices and journals and copies of letters by day, it was romance to read by night of the countries which produced them and the manner of their preparation.

The candid energy of Gabriel in the pursuit of his business impressed his father with deep respect. The smile that flickered upon his face grew positive as he looked at his son and felt his influence.

"It really comforts me, Gabriel," he said to his son, "to see you so interested and devoted. It is a real, real comfort."

His voice of course was low and lingering. But as he spoke he looked at his wife and Ellen with such an air of piteous benignity that Gabriel's eyes filled with tears.

Sometimes as the father and son were together in the evening, after sitting with half-closed eyes for a long time, gently balancing and swinging one slippered foot, Mr. Bennet said, in a drooping voice,

"Gabriel, I am glad you love your mother!"

There was something in the tone that prevented its sounding droll to the son, who merely remarked, in a laughing way,

"I should like to know how I could help it."

The father made no reply, but sat musing for a long time, while Gabriel went on reading. Presently the voice, which seemed to proceed from his eyes, so vague and dreamy was it, remarked,

"She was born to better things!"

Then the weary face looked about the humble room, and the old, uneasy smile glimmered across it. Gabriel looked inquiringly, but his father continued, gazing into the fire and swinging his foot:

"I tried very hard—and—and—"

The voice died slowly into silence. Then the speaker looked up at his son kindly, and smiled uncertainly.

Gabriel tried to learn from his mother if his father had any particular trouble or remembrance; but she said No, softly, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No; nothing that can be spoken of, dear."

So Gabriel resolved to work harder than ever; and the home to which he nightly returned was all the brighter for his coming.

"Gabriel, you should have seen Miss Hope Wayne last evening at Mrs. Brickle's. She was beautiful. There's nobody in New York like her," said his mother on the evening after that great entertainment.

"Not Cousin Amy?" inquired Ellen, incredulously.

"Well, Ellen, Amy is different. Amy looks like a lovely woman, and Hope Wayne like a good goddess. Gabriel, you must have seen her at Delafield."

Seen her at Delafield! Why, what else was Delafield in his mind but a memory of Hope Wayne? Gabriel fed his fancy and his regrets upon that remembrance. If he found himself—and he did find himself—getting profoundly interested in his business—if he actually awoke in the morning singing, and the obstinate roses of robust health persisted in blooming in his cheeks—if he found himself ready to be invited to parties of all kinds, where he was exposed to the charms of young women, and especially if he immensely enjoyed the contemplation of them—and all these enormities he did discover upon a strict review of his conduct—he chided himself severely—he denounced himself as a light, heartless impostor, and informed himself, in the plainest manner, that he was not worthy to love a noble woman. Ivanhoe would not have done so, Sir! Romeo would have scorned such fickleness; and who was the German knight, Sir, who went into a monastery because his mistress retired to a convent?

With this style of self-accusation, growing constantly severer as the occasion became more frequent, Gabriel made himself theoretically quite wretched.

Would it have consoled him to know that Hope Wayne never thought of him—that she had never had any other feeling for him than an emotion of pity when he lay bruised in her grandfather's house, and a half-conscious vexation with him for having been hurt by Abel?

But while she forgot Gabriel, and had long forgotten him, it had been the struggle of months to forget Abel Newt. In truth, to forget him was impossible. When he first came to her it was not as a stranger, but as the hero long announced by vague hope and desire. The quality of her feeling for him could not be estimated by the duration of their actual acquaintance; for deep feeling annihilates time. When they were separated her imagination made him the man she loved. No noble or manly trait was wanting in the portrait in whose presence she continually lived. Could she be worthy of his life-long love? Could she possibly satisfy any aspiration of that lord of men and of her soul? Would the service of all her powers, all her gifts, all her existence, lavished upon the altar of love for him, not be too insignificant for his acceptance? He loved her. Would he give all? She did not ask. To ask would be a reproach upon him. Therefore it did not occur to her to ask. Her love was absolute faith in him, and utter distrust of herself. He loved her. That was delirium—that was heaven!

And all this was unconscious in the mind of Hope Wayne. It was the great high-tide of life rising and swelling into every remotest nook of feeling, covering every top of thought and hope, until it was a universal deluge, and she was lost in love!

Do you think how exquisitely organized, how fearfully and wonderfully made, is the human body? It defies exposure, disease, fire and water. Is it not tougher than oak-fibre? more recuperative than the earth itself? Yes, yes. But the prick of a needle will let in death.

When Hope Wayne heard with her ears and saw with her eyes the falsehood of Abel Newt, it was but a moment's sight, but a moment's hearing—but it was all over.

And ever since then her life had been a struggle, and a purification. There were great heroes at Balaklava and Thermopylæ, at Platæa and Waterloo, at Salamis and Magenta, at Bunker Hill and Saratoga; but what do you think of the hero at your elbow going about his daily affairs and holding his tongue? Joan of Arc be blessed forever; but how about the heroine whom no poet sings—whom no philosopher or friend suspects—who, all alone, under a mist of silence and smiles, is not fighting the visible enemies of her country, but the invisible, sly, insidious doubts and despairs that storm her heart, her mind, and her conscience? It is comparatively easy to be great upon a great stage, with the world looking on, and Clio attentive, with her pen in hand and her page before her. But to be great in little, unknown ways requires another heroism. Louis Sixteenth or Charles First can die painlessly, and with a pathetic grace and dignity, in the face of mankind; but in the hospital on Ward's Island lies an emigrant woman dying in the slow, fiery torture of cancer in the breast—with no friend within thousands of miles—scarcely her language understood—and so calm, so cheerful, so unmurmuring. No, Regulus was not the only hero.

Hope Wayne read a great deal. She worked a great deal. She talked a great deal with Amy Waring. The friendship of these two young women was beautiful to see. Amy was so sagacious, so clear and effective; Hope was so true, so candid, so ardent. But the ardor—the quality that we usually call romance where it is united with imagination—was gradually mellowed. Hope and Amy had long talks about the books that Lawrence Newt and Arthur Merlin brought with them and read at their little meetings. Arthur was always enthusiastic about Shelley. Lawrence Newt held by Milton, loved Cowper, and laughed merrily at Byron, whom Hope Wayne now defended in a very feeble way, and with a leaning toward Shelley. Amy insisted that to read Shelley was to dabble in a cold stream scooping up sand that you thought was gold, but which proved to be only glittering gravel. Arthur defended his poet dexterously, and declared that it was not so much what he said as the region of pure thought, of intellectual morality, into which he led the way, that made him so charming. Byron's warmth is the sultriness of midnight, he said; but Shelley is the morning—not altogether clear and of a healthful freshness, but still daylight in which sky-larks soar and sing.

Lawrence Newt smiled, and secretly believed with Amy. But when Arthur, with his deep, rich music, read some exquisite strain of his favorite, there was not one of the little party who did not agree that the singer was a poet.

Ostensibly poetry was pursued at the meetings of what Lawrence Newt called the Round Table.

"We have our King Arthur, and our Merlin the Enchanter," he said.

"A speech from Mr. Merlin," cried Amy, gayly, while Hope looked up from her work with encouraging, queenly eyes. Arthur looked at them eagerly.

"Oh, Diana! Diana!" he thought, but did not say. That was the only speech he made, and nobody heard it.

The meetings of the Round Table were devoted to poetry, but of a very practical kind. It was pure romance, but without any thing technically romantic. Mrs. Waring often sat with the little party, and, as she worked, talked with Lawrence Newt of earlier days—"days when you were not born, my dears," she said, cheerfully, as if to appropriate Mr. Newt. And whenever she made this kind of allusion Amy's work became very intricate indeed, demanding her closest attention. But Hope Wayne, remembering her first evening in his society, raised her eyes again with curiosity, and as she did so, Lawrence smiled kindly and gravely, and his eyes hung upon hers as if he saw again what he had thought never to see; while Hope resolved that she would ask him under what circumstances he had known Pinewood. But the opportunity had not yet arrived. She did not wish to ask before the others. There are some secrets that we involuntarily respect, while we only know that they are secrets.

Perhaps Lawrence Newt had this feeling as he looked up at the window from the back of his lofts. He was certainly quite as curious about that room as Hope about his early knowledge of her home.

"I'll just run round and settle this matter," said the merchant to himself.

But he did not stir. His hands were in his pockets. He was standing as firmly in one spot as if he had taken root.

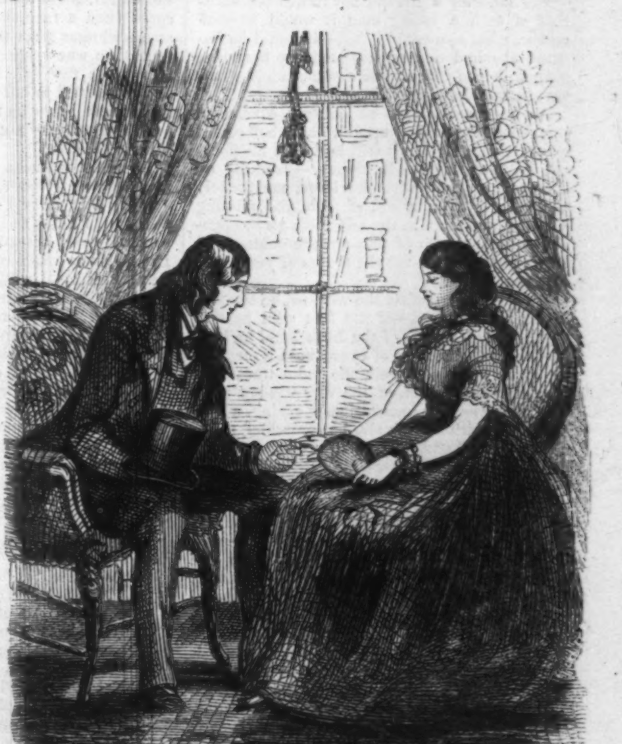
"Why shouldn't I go up? Why do I want to go up? Is it so very extraordinary that a young lady's charities should bring her into Front Street?"

He asked himself these questions, but he did not answer them. For he could not quite make it out an ordinary case of charity. When Amy Waring had seen him from that window she had been a little startled to think how near he was to something he did not suspect, and she was very anxious that he should not see she was startled.

Therefore, of course, he did see it. There was a peculiar energy in her movement telling him not to come up, which excited his profound curiosity. Perhaps if Mrs. Waring, instead of her daughter, had looked from the window and made the forbidding motions, Lawrence Newt might easily have restrained his curiosity and forgotten the circumstance. But it makes a serious difference who looks from windows. It makes all the difference in the world who it is that has secrets. Lawrence Newt supposed that he wished abstractly to know who lived in that room. It was a melancholy self-deception. He wanted only to know what secret Amy Waring was keeping in that room, and why she kept it. And yet he did not wish to ask her. There comes a time when a man wishes to ask nothing of a woman of whom his heart longs to ask every thing. While there is a minor question to be asked, there is a secret between them. Shall I pull out her secrets, like green fruit from the bough, he asks himself, with a kind of bitter severity and self-sarcasm; when the time is full will they not fall into my confidence of themselves as ripe fruit falls upon the grass? Yet, oh that the time were full!

Something of this kind surely was in the mind of Lawrence Newt whenever he stood at that window. Something of a strange conflict was going on in the mind of the merchant—a man so shrewd and sound that even old Jacob Van Boozenberg respected him—a conflict so soft and strange that you might have expected it in Ellen Bennet's heart or May Newt's—possibly in Hope Wayne's or Amy Waring's.

"Yes—upon the whole, I'll just run round," thought Lawrence, without the remotest approach to motion of any kind. But his fancy was running round all the time, and the fancies of men who watch windows, as Lawrence watched this window, are strangely fantastic. He imagined every thing in that room. It was



DRAWING NEAR TO PARADISE,

a woman with innumerable children, of course—some old nurse of Amy's—who had a kind of respectability to preserve, which intrusion would injure. No, no, by Heaven! it was Mrs. Tom Witchet, old Van Boozenberg's daughter! Of course it was. An old friend of Amy's, half-starving in that miserable lodging, and Amy her guardian angel. Lawrence Newt mentally vowed that Mrs. Tom Witchet should never want any thing. He would speak to Amy at the next meeting of the Round Table.

Or there were other strange fancies. What will not an India merchant dream as he gazes from his window? It was some old teacher of Amy's—some music-master, some French teacher—dying alone and in poverty, or with a large family. No, upon the whole, thought Lawrence Newt, he's not old enough to have a large family—he is not married—he has too delicate a nature to struggle with the world—he was a gentleman in his own country; and he has, of course—it's only natural, how could he possibly help it?—he has fallen in love with Miss Waring. These music-masters and Italian teachers are such silly fellows. I know all about it, thought Mr. Newt; and now he lies there forlorn, but picturesque and very handsome, singing sweetly to his guitar, and reciting Petrarch's sonnets with large, melancholy eyes. His manners refined and fascinating. His age? About thirty. Poor Amy! Of course common humanity requires her to come and see that he does not suffer. Of course he is desperately in love, and she can only pity. Pity? pity? Who says something about the kinship of pity? I really think, says Lawrence Newt to himself, that I ought to go over and help that unfortunate young man. Perhaps he wishes to return to his native country. I am sure he ought to. His native air will be balm to him. Yes, I'll ask Miss Waring about it this very evening.

He did not. He never alluded to the subject. They had never mentioned that summer noontide exchange of glance and gesture which had so curious an effect on Lawrence Newt that he now stood quite as often at his back-window, looking up at the old brick house, as at his front-window, looking out over the river and the ships, and counting the spires—at least it seemed so—in Brooklyn.

For how could Lawrence know of the book that was kept in the bureau drawer—of the rose whose benediction lay forever fragrant upon those united names?

"I am really sorry for Hal Battlebury," said the merchant to himself. "He is such a good, noble fellow! I should have supposed that Miss Waring would have been so very happy with him. He is so suitable in every way; in age, in figure, in tastes—in sympathy altogether. Then he is so manly and modest—so simple and true. It is really very—very—"

And so he mused, and asked and answered, and thought of Hal Battlebury and Amy Waring together.

It seemed to him that if he were a younger man—about the age of Battlebury, say—full of hope and faith and earnest endeavor to do the right—a glowing and generous youth—it would be the very thing he should do—to fall in love with Amy Waring. How could any man see her and not love her? But if she did not feel as he did—if he saw that she was always kind and friendly, and only kind and friendly—that his flowers were left in melancholy state upon the parlor table—that her gracious manner was a gulf of separation as insuperable as the space between stars—life would be a little dreary then, he thought. A brave man does his duty; but in that case—! Yet, if she loved him—!

It was curious that his reflections grew vague at that precise point.

"If so lovely a girl did not return the affection of such a young man it would be—of course, what else could it be?—it would be because she had deliberately made up her mind that, under no conceivable circumstances whatsoever, would she ever marry."

As he reached this satisfactory conclusion Lawrence Newt paced up and down before the window, with his hands still buried in his pockets, thinking of Hal Battlebury—thinking of the foreign youth with the large, melancholy eyes pining upon a bed of pain, and reciting Petrarch's sonnets, in the miserable room opposite—thinking also of that strange coldness of virgin hearts which not the ardors of youth and love could melt.

And, stopping before the window, he thought of his own boyhood—of the first wild passion of his young heart—of the little hand he held—of the soft darkness of eyes whose light mingled with his own—again the palm-trees—the rushing river—when, at the very window upon which he was now unconsciously gazing, a face appeared, with a black silk handkerchief twisted about the head, and looking down into the court between the houses.

Lawrence Newt stared at it without moving. Both windows were closed, nor was the woman at the other looking toward him. He had, indeed, scarcely seen her fully before she turned away. But he had recognized that face. He had seen the woman he had so long thought dead. In a moment Amy Waring's visit was explained, and a more heavenly light shone upon her character as he thought of her.

"God bless you, Amy dear!" were the words that unconsciously stole to his lips; and going into the office, Lawrence Newt told Thomas Tray that he should not return that afternoon, wished his clerks good-day, and hurried around the corner into Front Street.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ABEL NEWT *vice* SLIGO MOULTRIE REMOVED.

The Plumers were at Bunker's. The gay, good-hearted Grace, full of fun and flirtation, vowed that New York was life, and all the rest of the world death.

"You do not compliment the South very much," said Sligo Moultrie, smiling.

"Oh no! The South is home, and we don't compliment relations, you know," returned Miss Grace.

"Yes, thank Heaven! the South *is* home, Miss Grace. New York is like a foreign city. The tumult is fearful; yet it is only a sea-port after all. It has no metropolitan repose. It never can have. It is a trading town."

"Then I like trading towns, if that is it," returned Miss Grace, looking out into the bustling street.

Mr. Moultrie smiled. Quiet, refined, intelligent, and accomplished, in Europe you would have supposed him a nobleman.

He supposed himself one at home. Not offensively, but with that half-shy sense of superiority which gave the high grace of self-possession to his manner—a languid repose which pervaded his whole character. The symmetry of his person, the careless ease of his carriage, a sweet voice, a handsome face, were valuable allies of his intellectual accomplishments; and when all the forces were deployed they made Sligo Moultrie very fascinating. He was not audacious nor brilliant. It was a passive, not an active nature. He was not rich, although Mrs. Boniface Newt had a vague idea that every Southern youth was *ex-officio* a Crœsus. Scion of a fine old family, like the Newts and Whitloes and Octoynes of New York, Mr. Sligo Moultrie, born to be a gentleman, but born poor, was resolved to maintain his state.

Miss Grace Plumer was the daughter of the celebrated Louisiana planter, Godefroi Plumer. She had been educated at home until she was thirteen, then she was sent to Madame de Feuille's, and had remained almost constantly at the North until the previous May, when she left school and entered society simultaneously. She was now nearly eighteen, with bright black eyes, profusely curling black hair, olive skin, pouting mouth, and pearly teeth. Very rich, very pretty, and very merry was Miss Grace Plumer, who believed with enthusiastic faith that life was a ball, but who was very shrewd and very kindly also.

Sligo Moultrie understood distinctly why he was sitting at the window with Grace Plumer.

"The roses are in bloom at your home, I suppose, Miss Grace?" said he.

"Yes, I suppose they are, and a dreadfully lonely time they're having of it. Southern life, of course, is a hundred times better than life here; but it is a little lonely, isn't it, Mr. Moultrie?"

Grace said this turning her neck slightly and looking an arch interrogatory at her companion.

"Yes, it is lonely in some ways. But then there is so much going up to town and traveling that, after all, it is only a few months that we are at home; and a man ought to stay at home a good deal, and not be a vagabond."

"Thank you," said Grace, bowing mockingly.

"I said 'a man,' you observe, Miss Grace."

"Man includes woman, I believe, Mr. Moultrie."

"In two cases—yes."

"What are they?"

"When he holds her in his arms, or in his heart."

Here was a sudden volley masked in music. Grace Plumer was charmed. She looked at her companion. He had been "a vagabond" all winter in New York; but there were few more presentable men. Moreover she felt at home with him as a *compatriot*. Yes, this would do very well.

Miss Grace Plumer had scarcely mentally installed Mr. Sligo Moultrie as first flirter in her corps when a face she remembered looked up at the window from the street, more dangerous even than when she had seen it in the spring. It was the face of Abel Newt, who raised his hat and bowed to her with an admiration which he concealed that he took care to show.

Abel Newt was not a passive, but an active man.

The next moment he was in the room, perfectly *comme il faut*, sparkling, resistless.

"My dear Miss Plumer, I knew spring was coming. I felt it as I approached Bunker's. I said to Herbert Octoyne (he's off with the Shrimp; Papa Shrimp was too much, he was so old that he was rank)—I said, either I smell the grass sprouting in the Battery or I have a sensation of spring. I raise my eyes—I see that it is not grass, but flowers. I recognize the dear, delicious spring. I bow to Miss Plumer."

He tossed it airily off. It was audacious. It would have been outrageous, except that the manner made it seem persiflage, and therefore allowable. Grace Plumer blushed, bowed, smiled, and met his offered hand half way. Abel Newt knew perfectly what he was doing, and raised it respectfully, bowed over it, kissed it.

"Moultrie, glad to see you. Miss Plumer, 'tis astonishing how this man always knows the pleasant places. If I want to know where the best fruits and the earliest flowers are, I ask Sligo Moultrie."

Mr. Moultrie bowed.

"The first rose of the year blooms in Mr. Moultrie's button-hole," continued Abel, who galloped on, laughing, and seating himself upon an ottoman, so that his eyes were lower than the level of Grace Plumer's.

She smiled and joined the hunt.

"He talks nothing but 'ladies' delights,'" said she.

"Yes—two other things, please, Miss Grace," said Moultrie.

"What, Mr. Moultrie, two other cases? You always have two more."

"Better two more than too much," struck in Abel, who saw that Miss Plumer had put out her darling little foot from beneath her dress, and therefore had fixed his eyes upon it, with an admiration which was not lost upon the lady.

"Heavens!" cried Moultrie, laughing and looking at them. "You are both two more and too much for me."

"Good, good, good for Moultrie," applauded Abel; "and now, Miss Plumer, I submit that he has the floor."

"Very well, Mr. Moultrie. What are the two other things that you talk?"

"Pansies and rosemary," said the young man, rising and bowing himself out.

"Miss Plumer, you have been the inspiration of my friend Sligo, who was [illegible]er so brilliant in his life before. How gener[illegible] you to come and shine on this wretched town! It is the city of Sahara. Miss Plumer descends upon it like dew. Where have you been?"

"At home, in Louisiana."

"Ah! yes. Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle— I have never been there; but it comes to me here when you come, Miss Plumer."

Still the slight persiflage to cover the audacity.

"And so, Mr. Newt, I have the honor of seeing the gentleman of whom I have heard most this winter."

"What will not our enemies say of us, Miss Plumer?"

"You have no enemies," replied she, "except, perhaps—no, I'll not mention them."

"Who? who? I insist," said Abel, looking at Grace Plumer earnestly for a moment, then dropping his eyes upon her very pretty and very be-ringed white hands, where the eyes lingered a little and worshiped in the most evident manner.

"Except, then, your own sex," said the little Louisianian, half blushing.

"I do them no harm," replied Abel.

"No; but you make them jealous."

"Jealous of what?" returned the young man, in a lower tone, and more seriously.

"Oh! it's only of—of—of—of what I hear from the girls," said Grace, fluttering a little, as she remembered the conservatory at Mrs. Boniface Newt's, which also Abel had not forgotten.

"And what do you hear, Miss Grace?" he asked, in pure music.

Grace blushed, and laughed.

"Oh! only of your success with poor, feeble women," said she.

"I have no success with women," returned Abel Newt, in a half-serious way, and in his most melodious voice. "Women are naturally generous. They appreciate and acknowledge an honest admiration, even when it is only honest."

"Only honest! What more could it be, Mr. Newt?"

"It might be eloquent. It might be fascinating and irresistible. Even when a man does not really admire, his eloquence makes him dangerous. If, when he truly admires, he were also eloquent, he would be irresistible. There is no victory like that. I should envy Alexander nothing and Napoleon nothing if I thought I could really conquer one woman's heart. My very consciousness of the worth of the prize paralyzes my efforts. It is musty, but it is true, that fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

He sat silent, gazing abstractedly at the two lovely feet of Miss Grace Plumer, with an air that implied how far his mind had wandered in their conversation from any merely personal considerations. Miss Grace Plumer had not made as much progress as Mr. Newt since their last meeting. Abel Newt seemed to her the cleverest fellow she had ever seen. What he had said both piqued and pleased her. It pleased her because it piqued her.

"Women are naturally noble," he continued, in a low, rippling voice. "If they see that a man sincerely admires them they forgive him although he can not say so properly. Yes, and a woman who really loves a man forgives him every thing."

He was looking at her hands, which lay white and warm and glittering in her lap. She was silent.

"What a superb ruby, Miss Grace! It might be a tear from a pomegranate in Paradise."

He took her hand as he spoke, and admired the ring. The white, warm hand remained passive in his.

"Let me come nearer to Paradise," he said, half-abstractedly, as if he were following his own thoughts, and he pressed his lips to the fingers upon which the ruby gleamed.

Miss Grace Plumer was almost frightened. This was a very different performance from Mr. Sligo Moultrie's—very different from any she had known. She felt as if she suggested, in some indescribable way, strange and beautiful thoughts to Abel Newt. He looked and spoke as if he addressed himself to the thoughts she had evoked rather than to herself. Yet she felt herself to be the cause and the substance. It was very sweet. She did not know what she felt; she did not know how much she dared. But when he went away it was very clear that Abel Newt was appointed first flirter, *vice* Sligo Moultrie removed.

LITERARY.

Mr. J. G. Wells, of this city, has published a Military, Geographical, and Statistical Chart of the late War in Italy, which is well suited for family use in the country. The map of Northern Italy which forms the centre of the sheet is the best that has appeared either in this country or in Europe, and the portraits of the leading sovereigns and generals engaged are reliable. Every boy or girl who wants to study the histories of the war will need such a sheet as this in order to enable him to follow the march of the armies, and understand the histories which will shortly be placed in his hands.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE STATE ELECTIONS.

At latest advices there seems to be little doubt of the election of General Houston, by a large majority, as Governor of Texas. In Tennessee, the Opposition has gained considerably on the Democracy; some say that three Congressmen have been gained. In Kentucky, the Congressional delegation will be equally divided; in the Legislature the Democrats have a majority on joint ballot. In North Carolina the Opposition have gained on their opponents.

A NEW TERRITORY AT PIKE'S PEAK.

From the Kansas gold region we learn that a movement is on foot for the formation of a Territorial Government. A Convention was in session in Denver City, at last accounts, called for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to that end.

THE WISE LETTER.

Governor Wise has sent a letter to the Richmond *Enquirer*, in which he acknowledges having written the letter to Mr. Bernard Donnelly. He has received a letter from the latter, stating that the publication was made through a breach of trust.

Mr. Cassidy, of the Albany *Argus*, denies emphatically that he was the traitor.

BATHING AT NEWPORT.

The Newport correspondent of the Providence *Journal* predicts a lively season at Newport. Bancroft is at his residence on the avenue, and Tuckerman is at the Atlantic, with many others well known to the world. The writer gives the following general description of a bathing scene:

"The bathing this season is charming, and hundreds, thousands, relish and enjoy it. From morning till night the bathers are seen in the surf, for which they seem to have the strongest attachment. The early morning is given to servants; invalids, and those who think a dip will do them good, appear on the sands at a somewhat later hour; and by 11 o'clock the fashionable crowd take possession of the little boxes, called by courtesy bathing-houses, into which many fair forms enter, to come forth in a few minutes strangely disguised in a most unique apparel.

"The hair is protected by a cap of oil-silk; a coarse chip hat, bound with red carpet-binding, answers for a covering for the head; the sack is of some grave or sombre color, slashed with something lighter; the Bloomer pants are of red flannel, and the feet are left bare—or should be—for comfort and convenience. Think of several hundreds of these fair ones, some of them with forms that Helen might have envied, dancing in the surf and toying with the breakers, which clasp them in their rude embrace as they rush on to the shore, where, dying for joy and pleasure, they murmur still an unending song of love and tenderness."

EIGHT CHILDREN AT A BIRTH.

We read in the correspondence of the New York *Tribune* from Johnson, Trumbull County, Ohio: "On the 2d of August Mrs. Timothy Bradley gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. B.'s family is increasing fast. He was married six years ago to Eunice Mowery, who weighed 273 pounds on the day of their marriage. She has given birth to two pair of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. It seems strange, but nevertheless is true, Mrs. B. was a twin of three, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pair of twins. Mrs. B. has named her boys after noted and distinguished men: One after the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, who has given her a splendid gold medal; one after the Rev. Hon. Elijah Champlin, who gave her a deed of 50 acres of land; and the other after James Johnson, Esq., who gave her a cow. Mr. Bradley says it is profitable to have twins, as the neighbors have clothed the others ever since they were born. Mr. B. is a poor, industrious laborer, but says he will not part with any of his children while he is able to work."

PERSONAL.

The New York correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader* says: "I was told a few evenings since that Mr. A. T. Stewart, the Merchant Prince of New York, intends to build a large Home for Widows and Indigent Women, and endow it most liberally; and that if one million of dollars is not enough, he will use two millions. Mr. Stewart says it is to the women he is indebted for his fortune, and now in return he will use it to benefit them, without regard to sect or creed."

The Indianapolis *Journal* says: "The poor-house of Monroe County, in this State, had for one of its inmates a number of years a sister of Robert Fulton, the originator of the steamboat. She was living several years ago, but we can not say whether or not she is alive at present. It thus frequently happens that the greatest benefactors of the human race, with their immediate friends, have suffered for the want of pecuniary means. Fulton himself, we believe, died a poor man. His sister in Monroe County was some years his senior.

Church, the painter, having put on canvas Niagara and the Andes, is now essaying the icebergs. He was met on the coast of Labrador last month, where the supply of icebergs had been larger and finer than at any previous season, having completed over a hundred sketches in color of these Arctic monsters. So we may in time expect the Heart of the Icebergs, if these cold and glittering piles can be said to have a heart.

It is stated that Mrs. D. E. Sickles, with her father, mother, and child, will take up her residence shortly in Italy; and that, in case of Mr. Sickles being ousted from his seat in Congress by the contestant, Williamson, he will join the family in Italy himself.

Two nieces of Dr. Train, of Sheffield, aged seven and nine years, and a daughter of James Bradford, Esq., aged twelve years, were drowned in Sheffield, Massachusetts, on 10th, in a little cove where they were bathing. The names of the nieces of Dr. Train were Mary and Gertrude Lemist. They resided in Medfield.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is very much improved in health, and he is now at Knebworth, dispensing hospitalities in his fine old mansion, which he has fitted up till it is a veritable romance in brick. There are stories of the brilliant Baronet got up, *á la Velasquer*, in slashed velvet and sombrero, astonishing the Essex rustics, on a white Spanish jennet, with Andalusian trappings.

Wendell Phillips has written a long and severe letter to Chief-Justice Shaw and President Walker of Harvard for being present at the public dinner to Morphy at the Revere House, a place where liquor is sold in direct hostility to the law.

On the afternoon of the 30th ult., the two sons of John Livingston, Esq., of this city, aged respectively six and a half and eight and a half years, accompanied by their father, ascended Mount Washington, on foot, from the Glen House, White Mountains, slept at the "Tip-Top House," saw the sun rise next morning under very favorable circumstances, and after breakfast returned on foot to the Glen House. It is said that this feat has not before been accomplished by one so young as the junior of the two boys. The same youth lately passed under the sheet of water at Niagara Falls.

W. W. Howe, the "Pasha," tells the following in the last New York *Picayune*: "I was lately describing to 'The Bishop' a wedding I had witnessed in New York, and was eulogizing the beauty of the bride, on whom had shone the light of only eighteen summers. The hardened offender merely replied: 'You would express her age more satisfactorily, according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs had passed over her head.'"

The first American woman who ever went ashore in Japan was Mrs. Bailey, wife of Captain Bailey, of Philadelphia, master of ship *Mary Ellis*. She was surrounded and followed by a large crowd of Japanese, but all their movements were perfectly respectful.

Nearly all the foreign ministers have left for the North. Baron Stoeckl and Viscount Freillard left for Newport on Monday. Señor Molina is in New York. Señor Mata remains in Washington.

Letters from the Count Sartiges report his health still feeble. He is sojourning at a watering-place in Lorraine where the Emperor was expected on the 1st inst. The Count speaks of his attachment to Americans and his probable return to this country.

A correspondent at the Profile House, at the White Mountains, writes, under date of August 1, that the Rev. Dr. Bellows and party, in all twelve persons, have arrived there from New York on horseback.

A correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, we presume the Rev. Dr. Hall, in alluding to the recent discussion about the "Broad Church," says, "the world needs *common sense* more than a common creed."

The Boston *Herald* learns that a well-known and well-circumstanced adopted citizen, residing in a town in the vicinity of the Tri-Mountain City, has been sued within the past week, by a young lady residing in South Boston, on a charge of breach of promise of marriage, and that the property of the deceiver has been attached to the amount of $10,000 to abide the result. A process has been issued from the Police Court for his arrest on a charge of seduction.

The *Evening Post* announces on the authority of a private letter which arrived by the *Persia*, from an intimate personal friend of the novelist, that Mr. Charles Dickens will visit this country during the ensuing autumn, and give the readings from his own works that have been so successful in England.

According to one of the Sunday papers published in this city, the value of the jewels presented by Señor Oviedo, the Cuban, whose approaching marriage has caused great excitement in all fashionable circles, is only $13,000, instead of $600,000, as was at first reported.

The Troy *Times* says a young man, named Rust of Cincinnati, Ohio, eighteen or nineteen years old, left Bixby's Hotel, New York, on Monday evening last, *en route* for Troy and Niagara Falls. The hackmen conveyed him to the Troy steamer and his trunks were placed on board. They were brought to Troy, and have been found by his friends in the baggage-room of the steamer, but the young man is missing. It is feared he was either drowned or murdered.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, has determined to leave Venice and return to Virginia, for the purpose of making that state his permanent abiding-place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PEACE QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 28th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell made his statement relative to foreign affairs. He would have postponed it if there had been any prospect of being able to announce a definite settlement of the affairs of the Continent before the approaching close of the session. He was glad to see in the *Moniteur* that the Emperor of France had determined to place the army and navy on a peace footing. After reviewing the grounds of peace, as proclaimed by the two Emperors, he said that, as England did not interfere in the war, he did not think it was for her to interfere in the peace. The sacrifice of a province by Austria did not affect the state of affairs of Europe sufficiently to warrant the interference of the neutral Powers. The most important part of the treaty, however, related to the future of Italy, and the invitation of the Emperor Napoleon to England to enter the Congress was to consult on the actual state of affairs in Italy, quite irrespective of the terms of the treaty of Villafranca. England had not consented to join the Congress, and would not until they saw what the result of the Conference at Zurich was. The treaty of Villafranca did not lay down absolutely an Italian Confederation, but only that the Emperors would unite to promote one. He doubts the feasibility or the benefit of a Confederation at present, and pointed out the various obstacles to the consummation of such project. Again, England must know how it was proposed to carry out the treaty before joining the Congress, especially with respect to the restoration of the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, as England would never be a party to forcing them on their people without their free consent. He rejoiced to say that the King of Naples was beginning to put an end to the system which prevailed under the late King, and sincerely desired to terminate it altogether. There was a treaty about to be made at Vienna, whither a confidential agent of the French Government had gone to arrange the basis. He believed that the Emperor of Austria desired that the Italians should have self-government. He could not now say whether there would be a Congress, but he thought it would not become England now to say that she would withdraw from such an assembly if there was a chance of promoting the liberty of Italy and establishing the peace of Europe.

Mr. Disraeli expressed the wish that Lord John Russell had been more explicit, particularly as to any terms that may have been offered Austria by the neutral Powers. He reiterated his objection to England having any thing to do with the Conference, as she would thereby be bound by the treaty of Villafranca.

Lord Palmerston denied that England had submitted any terms to Austria which were less favorable than those obtained from France. The Government, at the request of the French Embassador, had consented to be the channel of communication, and had submitted some terms to Austria, at the same time distinctly stating that they were the views of the French Government, and that England gave no advice or opinion in the matter. It would be impossible for the Government to join in the Congress until the result of the Zurich Conference was known.

A HONEY-MOON CUT SHORT.

The following incident is told of a navy officer who had just married a daughter of a clergyman in England:

"After the nuptial ceremony the 'happy couple' left town to spend the honey-moon; but scarcely had they departed when a telegram from the Admiralty reached the bridegroom's residence, directing him instantly to join his ship in an English port, as it had been ordered to sail the following morning on foreign service. No time was lost in dispatching the telegram after the newly-married couple, whom, much to their consternation, it soon reached; but the order was imperative, and with that devotion to duty so characteristic of the British officer, the bridegroom 'tore himself away' from the arms of his weeping bride, and within three hours after his marriage was bowling along at the rate of some thirty or forty miles an hour, *en route* to head-quarters, leaving his better half to return to the shelter of the parental roof till the arrival of more peaceful times."

FRANCE.

REDUCTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

The *Moniteur* of the 28th ultimo contains the official announcement that the Emperor has decided that the army and navy shall be restored to a peace footing without the least possible delay. It is stated that as soon as the troops have returned to France and resumed their previous quarters, great numbers of temporary furloughs will be granted, which will afterward be made definitive for all those men who have twelve or eighteen months to serve.

The administration of marine is said to have received the necessary instructions for preparing the definitive discharge of all sailors, who, having already served six years, have been called to join the fleet within the last six months.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE TO BE PRESERVED AT ALL RISKS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "I believe I am not mistaken in saying that there is a passage in Lord Cowley's letter to Lord John Russell as nearly as possible to this effect: His Majesty told me last night that whatever might be the immediate complications of Italy with respect to the Duchies, neither France nor Austria will interfere; that is settled. Therefore, added the Emperor, 'my intention is to so reduce the armaments, that if England has a heavy war budget in 1860 the fault shall not be laid to my door. I wish for peace and good-will—for the most intimate union; and England ought not to be hypercritical at the steps France is gradually taking to restore the prestige she lost in 1815. It is only natural that I should desire the emancipation of the national spirit; but I do not even desire that if it is to lead to a rupture with England.'"

THE EMPEROR AT HOME.

The first remark of the Emperor of the French, on seeing his family assembled to meet him at St. Cloud, is said to have been—"Heaven had in store for me, indeed, a great joy. I have a family in Italy, and here I find another to welcome me." The Paris correspondent of the *Court Journal* says the Italian campaign has made sad havoc with the strength which the Paris doctors had subscribed together all their talent and resources to bestow on his Majesty before his departure. He is much bent in figure, and apparently much exhausted in power, needing long rest and freedom from anxiety to repair the injury done to the doctors' work.

Another writer says: "The Emperor has not been seen in Paris since his return from the war, but the news has been sent to the *Journal du Havre* that he no longer wears the points of his mustaches turned up and stiffened with Hungarian pomatum, but allows them to curve downward, as they did before his marriage. What, if any thing, this change may portend I can not say. A lively imagination may, perhaps, see in it a renunciation of his Majesty's military career."

MR. HOME IN A SCRAPE.

Mr. Home, the famous spirit rapping medium, says the *Medical Times*, has lately rather put his foot into it at Paris. At one of his *séances*, one of the guests, a particularly active individual, made a sudden grab at the spirit, which was tickling his leg, and, behold, he found Mr. Home's foot in his hand. On another occasion a child's glove was found lying on the floor when the furniture was being put to rights after the *séance*.

HIPPOPOTAMO INFANTICIDE.

Galignani says: "Notwithstanding all the preparations which had been made the hippopotamus born a few days back died the night before last. The birth took place in the water. On the former occasion the female hippopotamus repulsed her offspring, would never let it suck or come near her, and in pushing it away violently inflicted a wound which caused its death. This time every thing appeared to be going on more favorably. The mother gave nourishment to the young one, and allowed it to lie on her back and neck, according to the habit of these aquatic animals. She also remained constantly in the water instead of, as usual, frequently leaving it. For a space of about forty-three hours the two animals never quitted the water. The day before yesterday the little one began to walk in and out of the basin. It fed well and was visibly growing. During the night, however, the mother was seized with a sudden fit of rage and attacked it. The mother must have seized the young one by the stomach in her formidable jaws, as five deep marks of her teeth are visible, and she must also have attacked it with her tusk, which pierced the left breast into the lungs. Two young ones having been already brought forth since the animals have been at the Jardin des Plantes, hopes are entertained that in fourteen months more there may be a third, and as it is now evident that the mother can not be depended on to nourish her offspring care must be taken immediately to remove the offspring and bring it up by artificial means."

A GIRL KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

During a violent thunder-storm which burst some days ago over the village of Montagnat (Ain), a woman and two young girls, who were returning from gleaning, were knocked down by the lightning. One of the girls was killed on the spot. Her straw hat was torn to pieces, the hair on her head singed, her back severely burned, and her clothes converted into tinder. The other girl and the woman were also severely burned, but they are in a fair way of recovery. Four other children who were only three yards behind the sufferers were not touched by the electric fluid.

ITALY.

THE POPE ACCEPTS THE PRESIDENCY.

Advices have been received from Rome to the 23d of July. His Holiness the Pope received the French Embassador, the Duke de Grammont, in an extraordinary audience, which lasted two hours. Letters received assert that the principle of the Presidency of the Italian Confederation has been accepted by the Pope. A conference of six Cardinals has taken place, the majority of whom voted favorably for the Presidency.

The Modena *Gazette* says: "We believe we may assure our readers that his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon has written to his Holiness concerning the organization of the Pontifical States, and particularly of the Legations. According to our correspondent, the Legations will find in this solution a state of things sufficiently in conformity with their desires and wants. The Emperor is said to have further declared that there will be no intervention in Central Italy, either by Austria or France, so long as the actual order of things is not disturbed."

DISTURBED STATE OF ITALY.

Chevalier Farrini, Governor of Modena, has, by an order of the King of Sardinia, withdrawn from Sardinian authority, and published a proclamation, in which he remits the Government to the municipal members. The populace assembled in crowds and proclaimed the municipality, by acclamation, the Dictators of the country. Chevalier Farrini accepted a provisional regency to maintain public order and reunite the Representative Assembly of Modena, which is to pronounce on the future of the country.

The result of the deliberation on the question of annexing Tuscany to Piedmont has been made known from one hundred and forty-one places, including Leghorn and Florence. The result shows eight hundred and nine affirmative, against fifteen negative votes.

The abdication of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in favor of his son is officially confirmed.

The *Nord* denies that any French troops are to occupy the Duchies. Those who are at Rome will remain for the present where they are. Nowhere else will there be any intervention in Italy.

The London *Times* quotes a letter from Milan, which states that the Extreme party is beginning to agitate, and that it is possible Venetia may rise in insurrection.

A letter from the Valtelline says, that on hearing of the preliminaries to the peace, Garibaldi offered the resignation of himself and all his officers to the King of Sardinia, but that he refused them.

THE SCHEME OF A CONFEDERACY.

The London *Times* correspondent says: "M. Walewski we are told, has set his wits to work and drawn up the draught of a plan of confederation, and submitted it unofficially or confidentially to the Cabinets interested. In it M. Walewski evidently takes for granted the restoration of the disposed Sovereigns of Modena and Tuscany, and the establishment of the Duchess of Parma somewhere. M. Walewski's confederation consists of seven States. By the Villafranca treaty the nominal or honorary presidency was given to the Pope; that high office will be filled in reality by the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, each taking turn about. As such a body can not exist without the means of defense, a federal army will be created for the defense of the federal territory—the contingents to be fixed according to the extent of the States respectively.

"The strongest places will be garrisoned by the federal troops at Gaeta, partly Neapolitan, partly federal; Mantua, partly Austrian and partly federal; and Piacenza, half federal and the remaining half Piedmontese, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* M. Walewski, it is to be hoped, will disclose the talisman by which he means to keep such discordant elements as Parmesans and Swiss, Tuscans and Neapolitans, the soldiers of the Pope, the Sardinians and Croats, in complete harmony.

"The Federal Council it is proposed to organize thus—Parma and Modena are to have one vote each; the Pope two; Tuscany two; Austria, for Venetia, two; and Piedmont and Naples three each. Whether more concord will prevail in the Federal Council than in the federal garrison it is difficult to say; but supposing the same conditions to subsist, Austria could count on a majority of votes."

THE TEXT OF THE VILLAFRANCA TREATY.

The *Journal de Mayence* publishes what purports to be the original text of the preliminaries of peace decided on at Villafranca:

"Between his Majesty the Emperor of Austria and his Majesty the Emperor of the French it has been agreed as follows: The two sovereigns will favor the formation of an Italian confederation. This confederation shall be under the honorary presidentship of the Pope. The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his rights over Lombardy, with the exception of the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, so that the frontier of the Austrian possessions will start from the extreme line of the fortress of Peschiera, and extend in a straight line along the Mincio, as far as Le Grazie, thence to Szarzarola, and Luzana to the Po, whence the present frontier will continue to form the limits of Austria. The Emperor of the French will hand over the territory so ceded to the King of Sardinia. Venetia shall form part of the Italian Confederation, while it remains under the crown of the Emperor of Austria. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena return to their states on giving a general amnesty. The two Emperors will demand from the Pope to introduce indispensable reforms into his States; full and entire amnesty is granted on both sides to the persons compromised on the occasion of the late events in the territories of the belligerent parties.

"Done at Villafranca, July 11."

HOW FRANCIS-JOSEPH AGREED TO IT.

A correspondent of the Trieste *Zeitung* gives some interesting information relative to the negotiations at Villafranca. Up to the moment of the signature of the armistice by Marshal Vaillant and Baron von Hess, it had never been the question of peace, but almost immediately afterward the Emperor Napoleon made direct propositions, in writing, to the Austrian monarch, and requested him to send a person who enjoyed his confidence to Vallegio. His Majesty's choice fell upon Prince Alexander of Hesse, who brought about the meeting between the Emperors Alexander and Francis-Joseph, at Weimar, about thirteen or fourteen months ago, and so distinguished himself at Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino, that he got the Cross of Maria Theresa. The Prince, who was already acquainted with the Emperor Napoleon, was extremely well received by his Majesty, who candidly told him that he "ardently wished" for peace. In the course of conversation the French monarch expressed a desire to have an interview with his Imperial adversary, "whose personal acquaintance he was very desirous to make, as he felt assured he should have little difficulty in coming to an understanding with him." At first the Emperor Francis-Joseph declined the proposed interview, on the plea that it would be painful to his feelings should he be obliged to meet as an enemy a monarch whose acquaintance he had just made, which would certainly be the case if more favorable conditions were not offered by France. The negotiations were continued, the Emperor of the French displaying from beginning to end an extraordinary "pliability." On the 10th the Prince of Hesse received from the Emperor of the French a long letter (it is said to have covered two sheets of paper), in which the military and the political reasons why the Emperor of Austria ought to conclude peace were given with equal force and lucidity. After having communicated some curious information relative to the policy of the neutral powers, the Emperor declared that, if his propositions were refused, "he would wage a war of life and death, and would not hesitate to have recourse to any means which would enable him to obtain his ends." At the same time his Majesty again expressed a wish to treat in person with his Imperial adversary. The impression produced by the letter in question—which is said to bear date July the 10th, 3 A.M.—was such that the Emperor Francis-Joseph at once agreed to the proposed interview.

MANIFESTO FROM THE POPE.

After relating the sympathy expressed by the Piedmontese for the trampled people of the Papal States, and the appearance of Piedmontese officers in Romagna, Cardinal Antonelli goes on to say:

"Such odious proceedings, in the preparation of which a flagrant violation of the law of nations is manifest, in more than one point of view, can not but fill the soul of the Holy Father with bitterness, and provoke in him a lively and just indignation, which is rendered more poignant still by the surprise with which he sees that such enormities proceed from the Government of a Catholic King who had accepted the advice of his august ally to refuse the dictatorship offered to him.

"All the measures taken with the view of preventing or attenuating this series of evils having been in vain, the Holy Father, not forgetful of the duties incumbent upon him for the protection of his States, and for the preservation in its integrity of the temporal domain of the Holy See, which is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the Supreme Pontificate, protests against the violations and usurpations committed in spite of the acceptance of neutrality, and desires that his protest may be communicated to all the European Powers. Confident in the justice which distinguished these Powers, he feels assured that they will support him; they will not permit the success of a manifest violation of the law of nations and the rights of the Holy Father. He trusts that they will not hesitate to co-operate in the vindication of those rights, and to that end he invokes their assistance and protection.

"The undersigned, Cardinal Secretary of State, conformably to pontifical custom, sends the present note to your Excellency, begging you to transmit it to the Court to which you are accredited, and takes this opportunity, etc. G. C. Antonelli."

TANT MIEUX FOR ITALY.

A letter from Milan, in the *Independente* of Turin, contains a rather curious anecdote. According to the writer, when the Marquis Neri Corsini di Lajatico, who as you know was a prime mover in the revolution at Florence, heard of the preliminaries of peace having been signed at Villafranca, he waited upon an "exalted personage," to ask what had been stipulated with regard to Tuscany.

Exalted Personage. "Nothing."

Marquis. "Then the Grand Duke is at liberty to return?"

Exalted Personage. "I don't see why not."

Marquis. "But then you will interfere to protect him, and re-establish his government?"

Exalted Personage. "Not I assuredly."

Marquis. "But, then, I fear the people will refuse to receive him."

Exalted Personage. "*Tant mieux.*"

Marquis. "There will be disturbances. He will be driven out by main force."

Exalted Personage. "*Tant mieux.*"

Marquis (rather nonplused). "How? *Tant mieux!* You will permit me to mention this conversation to my friends?"

Exalted Personage. "With all my heart—you will oblige me (*anzi*)."

The Marquis, adds the letter, struck with amazement, walked backward out of the room, with profound bows and muttering between his teeth the famous *tant mieux*. This, and other anecdotes of the kind, have greatly contributed to calm down the feeling of exasperation which the first tidings of the peace first produced throughout Italy. Whatever may be the history of this *imbroglio*, however, it may be fairly questioned whether it will be *tant mieux* for Italy in the end.

A ZOUAVE IN LUCK.

A young Zouave of Saillans, Drome, named Magnet, who was wounded at Palestro, has addressed to his parents the following letter, dated Vercelli, the 16th: "The newspapers will, perhaps, precede me in announcing to you the unexampled honor which, in the midst of an immense population, I have received from the hand of our august sovereign, Napoleon III. Having learned that his Majesty was about to pass through Vercelli on his way back to France, I hastened to dress myself, and leaning on my stick—I have already been able to put aside my crutches—I went toward the railway station. The good inhabitants of Vercelli, who had collected in a crowd at the station, appeared to take pleasure in letting me pass; so that I had little difficulty in reaching the spot at which the Emperor was about to stop to take refreshments. Scarcely had I arrived when the imperial train arrived. The Emperor was accompanied by the King of Sardinia, and their Majesties were greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers. After having received the congratulations of the authorities the Emperor cast a glance around him and saluted the people graciously. I had the good fortune to be noticed by his Majesty, and he made a sign to me to approach the carriage. 'Zouave,' said he, 'you are wounded?' 'Yes, Sire.' 'In what battle?' 'In the combat of Palestro, Sire.' 'What wound did you receive?' 'It was in the leg, Sire,' and I showed him the holes in my trowsers made by three bullets. 'You are getting better?' 'Yes, Sire; I am beginning to walk without much difficulty.' Then he made a sign to me to approach still nearer, and in the midst of the immense crowd the Emperor, taking from his breast the decoration which he wore, placed it with his own hand on mine, saying, 'Take that while waiting till something better comes.' Immediately loud applause rose on every side, and two large tears rolled down my cheeks. Those tears and my looks alone expressed my gratitude, for I could not speak. The Emperor understood me, and held out his hand; I pressed it with emotion. A not less striking scene followed when the Imperial train had left. The authorities and high personages of the town collected round me to offer their congratulations, and each insisted on shaking me by the hand. But what was still more striking was that the Bishop of Vercelli, a venerable old man with white hair, came up, and clasping my hand, said, 'Zouave, you must come to the palace and dine with me!' I thanked him sincerely, but said that I must return to the hospital. He, however, would not hear me, but made me get into his carriage by his side, and I sat near him at dinner, many of the first persons in the place being present."

GARIBALDI AND A PLUMP LOMBARD LADY.

A gentleman who lately visited Garibaldi thus describes his visit:

"The leader was ill in bed, as I said, when I went to see him at Lovere, about noon on Monday last. Garibaldi is never ill on a battle day, and never well during an armistice or a peace. He suffers from rheumatic fever, I was told, which he can only shake off by incessant exertion. I had a long talk with the officers of the staff in the ante-chamber, and was kept waiting for about half an hour, as 'there was a lady in the case.' But upon having my name and errand conveyed to the General, I was admitted into his sleeping apartment. The General lay in his shirt-sleeves on a large bed, the lady—rather a young and good-looking person—sitting in a chair at the foot of the bed. She was, I believe, a suitor for the release of some one of the young Alpine huntsmen, her relative, who either had got tired of the game, or was particularly wanted by his friends at home.

"Garibaldi was born in 1807, and is, therefore, fifty-two years old. He has a bright, cheerful look; the color of his skin and hair betoken a sanguine temperament. There is not one of the busts, lithographs, photographs, etc., which are sold by thousands throughout Italy and Europe as Garibaldi's portraits that gives the slightest idea of the expression of that noble countenance. There is not the least approach to fierceness or wildness about the hero's countenance. He looks intelligent, earnest, benevolent, and affable in the extreme. He is somewhat narrow about the temples—round-headed, square-visaged. He has a fine head, but not very massive; a large, but by no means a broad face. Even his beard is absurdly exaggerated by the men who have worked at his likeness, or else he has been lately trimming it in the excessive heat. The hair is brown-red, and has been rich and glossy. The eye struck me as light-gray, but with a tint of the lion-red in it. His voice is clear-ringing, silver-toned. Nothing can equal the gentleness, freedom, and ease of his address. He sat up in his bed without the least effort to welcome me, and, like one free from suffering, he held out his hand, and said he was bidden by a common friend to take me by the hand, and would be happy to do so. He then leaned on his elbow, and I proceeded with my errand—which is no man's business. As I surveyed that fine bright face, that powerful yet elegant and symmetrical frame, and beheld the fair, plump Lombard lady seated by his bedside, I could scarcely attend to what I was saying, as my imagination ran back to the scene in the 'Talisman,' and I fancied I saw the lion-hearted King lying on his lions' hides, and his lovely Queen a suppliant at his feet for the life of the Scotch knight. Truly Garibaldi is one of nature's own kings and leaders of men.

HIS SHARP-SHOOTERS.

"The charm thrown by the hero of Montevideo over the whole Italian population has enlisted young men of the highest classes, artists, literary men, professors, and scholars, in his ranks as mere privates. Even the veteran Montanelli, once a ruler in Tuscany, and for many years an illustrious exile in Paris, the author of 'Camma,' and other historical and literary works, quitted his wife in Turin, and followed his only son, who had embarked as a common soldier in this perilous venture. Among a hundred Italians you find, perhaps, five or six adventurers of all other countries—French, Swiss, and Germans, Spaniards, Americans of both continents, and even a Chinese and an Englishman. The latter I found at Turin, at the table d'hôte de la Grande Bretagne, where he announced to me his intention to have some sport with the Alpine Chasseurs, and asked for direction as to Garibaldi's whereabouts. He is a man of near sixty, of a tall and colossal frame, imperfectly acquainted with the language, and ignorant of most Italian matters. He professes, I am told, the utmost indifference to the cause he serves. Between him and his fellow-combatants there is hardly any intercourse. Garibaldi allowed him to follow his camp. He makes war at his own expense, and encamps apart from the corps. He receives no orders, asks for no information as to the General's movements. He is indefatigable in the march—intrepid in the fight. Garibaldi numbers fifty, or perhaps one hundred, of the best marksmen in Europe, but the Englishman is the deadliest shot. In the latest encounter on the Stelvio the Tyrolese never succeeded in winging a single Garibaldino, while five of their numbers dropped mortally wounded from the ramparts, from which they scarcely ventured to peep; two of the number fell under the unerring aim of the Englishman. He is never wanting at the hour of strife; he takes his place in some hidden nook, all alone, aloof from the rest, squatted on the ground, calm and impassionate, taking leisurely aim, like a sportsman awaiting the lion or the wild boar at the brook. He has a double-barreled rifle, a sabre, but no bayonet, and takes no part in the *mêlée* when the Garibaldini come to close quarters. Some people told him he must be very strongly devoted to the Italian cause to come out in arms in its support at his time of life. He answered, with a yawn, he was very fond of shooting, and must take part either on one side or the other. There was an eccentric Frenchman, also an aged man, who joined Garibaldi at Cuneo at the outset; but he had a fancy he could go to war in his gig; and somehow his gig broke down on the first brush with the Austrians at Casale, and the French amateur was never again heard of."

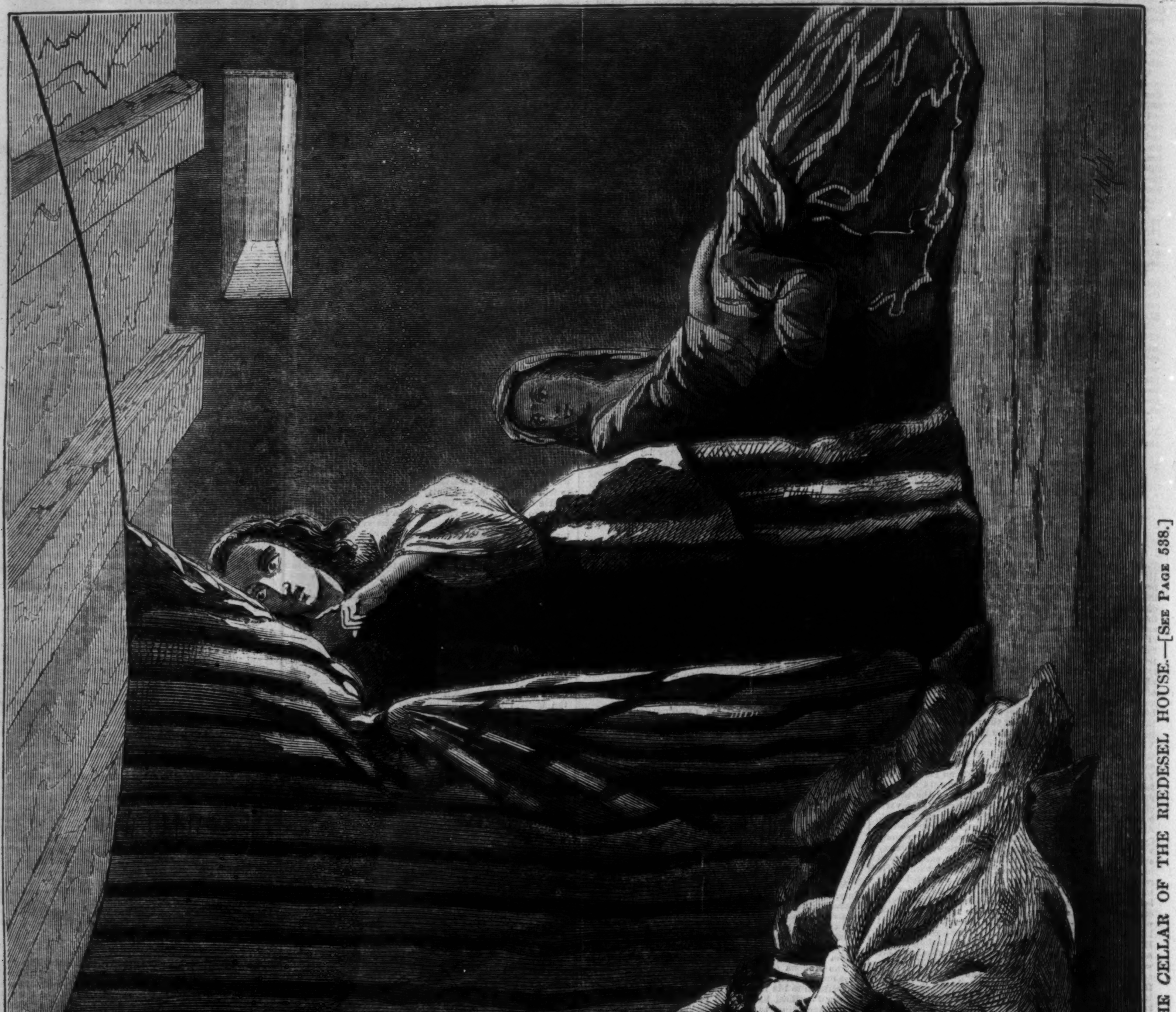
AUSTRIA.

PROJECTS OF REFORM.

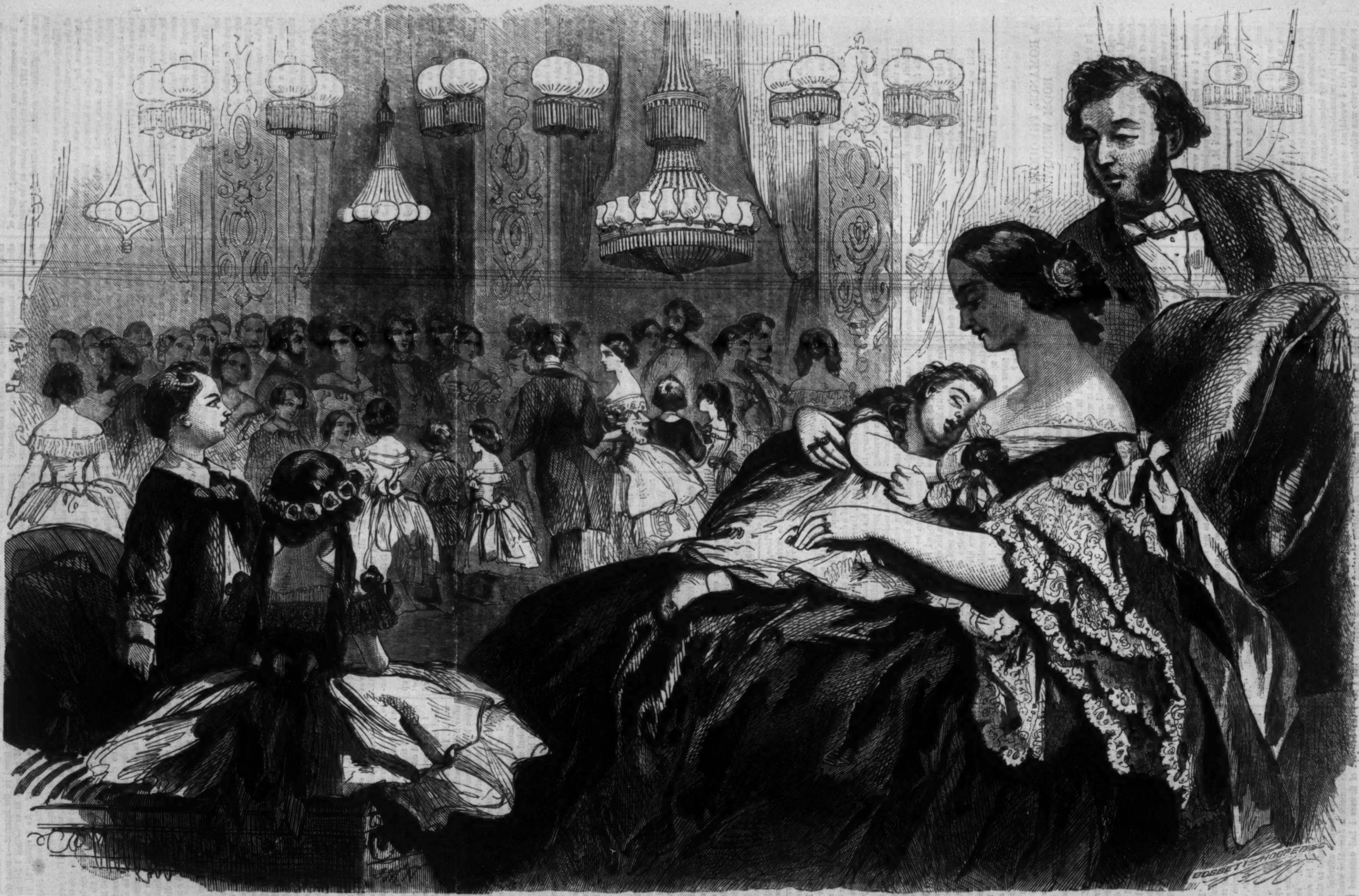
The correspondence of the *Indépendance Belge* thus speaks of the projects of reform entertained by the Emperor of Austria:

"All the provincial councils of the empire are to be convoked simultaneously, in order to answer a series of questions on the ameliorations which they may think necessary to the internal government of the States, especially in the provincial organization. The Councils will have complete liberty in their deliberations, and may make known openly and sincerely to the Emperor the wants and wishes of the populations. Important financial and military reforms are likewise projected."

The War Department of Vienna has decided that the first army shall be maintained at present on a war footing in Italy. Its effective strength is estimated at 200,000 men. The other corps of the Austrian army are on the march to take their former cantonments in Galicia and Hungary.



SARATOGA IN 1777.—THE CELLAR OF THE RIEDESEL HOUSE.—[See Page 538.]


BOBBETT-HOOPER

SARATOGA IN 1859—A BALL AT CONGRESS HALL.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SARATOGA IN 1777 AND 1859.

The contrast, on the two preceding pages, of Saratoga in 1777 and the same place at the present time is sufficiently striking to attract general admiration.

Eighty-two years ago, as every one knows, one of the great contests between the English and the Americans for dominion on this continent was drawing to a close at Saratoga. The Americans, under Gates, had won several victories over the British and Hessians under Burgoyne; the latter was beginning to doubt whether he would be able to keep his word and give a triumphal feast at Albany at the close of the season. The Hessians were discontented; the Americans were flushed by success, and eager to bring the campaign to a close. The battle at Bemis's Heights had convinced them that without succor from New York Burgoyne's army must perish.

That terrible conflict took place on 19th September. On 7th October Burgoyne perceived that he must risk another battle, as his troops were suffering severely from short allowance. At the head of 1500 men he advanced to make a reconnaissance of the American lines, and was promptly attacked. The result of the battle was the surrender at Saratoga. It is a scene during the terrible fight on that day that our artist has depicted.

The commander of the Hessians, the Baron Riedesel, was accompanied by his wife and children. The Baroness, a woman of equal tenderness and courage, followed his army in all its marches, and kept a faithful diary of what she saw and heard. On that 7th October, she says, "a cannonade having opened against the house in which I had taken refuge, we were obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge; and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth with their heads in my lap. . . . Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house. . . . My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed now agonized me exceedingly. . . . The ladies of the army who were with me were Mrs. Harnage, a Mrs. Kennels, the wife of a lieutenant who was killed, and the lady of the Commissary. . . . We sat together deploring our situation, when *some one entered to announce bad news." There was whispering among her companions, with deep looks of sorrow. "I immediately suspected," says she, "that my husband had been killed. I shrieked aloud." She was soothed by assurances that nothing had happened to him, and was given to understand by a sidelong glance that the wife of the lieutenant was the unfortunate one; her husband had been killed.*

Our artist has, we think, seized the dramatic point of this thrilling situation with fine skill.

The contrast to this scene will be recognized by all who have had the good fortune to spend a few days at Saratoga, and to witness a ball at the Congress Hall. The gilded saloons—the softened lights—the delighted revelers—the happy group of juveniles—the tired infant, half-startled from its dream of pleasure by fairy music—the tender mother gazing with mingled anxiety and satisfaction at her gay young family—the fond father bending over the group he loves so well—could there be a contrast to the scene in the Riedesel Cellar more striking or more touching than this?

ANNETTE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Oh! my heart was a bell,
And it swung in its cell
With a tremulous joy, Annette,
When the birds came to tell
What your blushes said well—
Did you tire of your toy, Annette?

One still night a star fell,
As the angels know well—
From my soul to the dust, Annette;
Like the dew from the dell
Which the moonbeams dispel,
So from thee went my trust, Annette.

Of thy once-witching spell
But sad memories dwell—
So the morning mists flee, Annette:
Still my heart is a bell;
But a low muffled knell
It is tolling for thee, Annette.

A ROMANCE THROUGH A BED-ROOM WINDOW.

CHAPTER I.—THE WINDOW.

In the window itself there was nothing remarkable; it was an ordinary French window—difficult to open, difficult to shut, and secured by a complicated iron fastening—such as may be seen on the fourth floor of any hotel in France. So, when the host of the Hôtel du Grand Cerf directed my attention thereto, it was not so much the window as the view to be seen from it that he wished me to take notice of.

But I was not in a mood to enter into these ecstasies; I was hot and cross, worn out with traveling, and suffering from a neglected sprain. So I quickly came to terms with M. Bouvin, cut short the enumeration of the beauties, advantages, and comforts I had secured to myself, and dispatched him in quest of a doctor to examine the injured limb.

The result of the examination was not of a nature to allay my irritation of mind. The doctor informed me that I must keep my room for some days, and not stir beyond its precincts until I had his permission; otherwise, a severe lameness might follow. To my intense disgust I was obliged to concur in the reasonableness of his advice, and give my word that I would not attempt to leave my room until his veto was withdrawn.

My third day of imprisonment dragged slowly to an end. Watching the light fade off the pinnacles of St. Basile opposite, and feeling gloomily certain that I could predict in advance every occurrence of the next hour, my eye suddenly caught the flutter of something white up at one of the narrow windows in the tower. I thought I could make out the outline of a woman's figure in the shadowy nook, but it was growing dusk. The figure, whatever it might be, disappeared, and a few minutes after I beheld a girl of graceful form issue from the church porch and descend the great flight of steps into the square. She hastened quickly along the pavement, stopped before a large, dull-looking house—the shabbiest, perhaps, in the whole Place—and entering the arched door-way, was lost to my sight. The next minute an old man of stooping figure, carrying a violin-case under his arm, followed on her steps; then a light shone out from a window on an upper floor.

Every night I had remarked a light in that same window, long after all the other houses were closed and darkened. Hitherto I had taken no particular notice of the fact, supposing it to be the chamber of some student or sick person; but now I began to speculate on the matter with lively interest. The light continued to burn long after all others were extinguished; nay, it was still there when, in the middle of the night, I rose from a sleepless bed; and I watched it, as I lay, growing pale and sickly before the dawn.

The next day I observed the old house in the corner of the square with close attention. It differed from its neighbors chiefly in that the lower floors were all shut up, and only the upper rooms inhabited. It had a dull, secretive sort of look, that gave an edge to my curiosity. Who was that young girl I had seen last night gazing at the sunset from the window in the tower? Was she the daughter of the old man who entered the house after her? Why did that light burn there at those unholy hours?

At seven o'clock in the evening I saw the door of the gloomy house over the way open in a cautious, quiet way, and beheld the old man beckon a hackney carriage from the stand near. He darted back again into the house, and returned with a violin-case, which he deposited in the carriage; then he reappeared with the young lady, and they drove quietly away. About midnight they returned home; and again, as during their absence, I saw the light gleaming from the upper window.

The next morning my eye caught the following paragraph in the *Courrier de L——*:

"Opera.—The night of the 30th July just past will be ever memorable in the lyric annals of L——. Never since Madame Pasta charmed our good citizens in 18— has so great a treat been offered them as was afforded last night by the young *débutante* who appeared in *Lucie de Lammermoor*. Her exquisite voice, a pure soprano," etc.

Was it possible that this was my incognita?—Yes; I did not doubt it for an instant. There, in that gloomy old house on the other side of the square, dwelt the young girl who had roused all this enthusiasm in the critic. And now, perhaps, the mystery of the light was explained. The hours when all the city was quiet and at rest had been devoted by the young *artiste* to preparation for her *début*. It was evident that her success was the topic of the day in L——. Pierre, the waiter, and M. Sangsue were both full of it. "The most extraordinary thing about it," said the latter, "is that no one has ever heard of this wonderful singer till last night. She has dropped down among us from the clouds. There run a thousand reports: she is Italian, she is German, she is English. No matter; she is a true genius, whatever she be; and monsieur must make haste to get well to go and hear her."

But my doctor shook his head on my proposing that I should do so that very night, and, I believe, left orders with Pierre to use force, if necessary, to prevent me leaving my chamber. When evening came again, and the setting sun flamed, meteor-like, in the windows of distant houses, and all the gilded vanes shone out like stars above the churches, I saw the figure of the young girl once more up at the window in the tower. Still as the statues in the niches near did she stand, with hideous faces leering at her from spout and gargoyle, and the flush of sunset on her white robe. Her hands were clasped together, and her gaze, stretching above the roofs, was fixed on the horizon. Was this the spot in which she offered up her evening prayers? or did she only seek a purer air, a deeper quiet than could be found below?

The night had flung its shadow over the tower, when I saw her slowly descend the great flight of steps that lead into the Place, pass quickly into the street, and so glide quietly away to her home.

From that day the identity of the new singer with my recluse was established in my mind beyond doubt. Every night that it was announced that Mademoiselle Darron would appear at the opera, the hackney-coach stood at the door of the gloomy house over the way; while, on other evenings, the visits to St. Basile were paid as before.

One moonlight evening, exhausted by the heat and glare of a long summer's day, I had fallen asleep in my chair by the window. When I awoke the clocks from the various steeples were just striking twelve. One after another they clanged out into the night, some with brazen, some with silvery voices, and then, as the sound-waves died off on the purple air, the silence grew stiller than before. Gazing out dreamily into the moonlit Place, I was suddenly startled by a sight that roused me to wide wakefulness. There was *something* creeping along the roof of the gloomy house on the opposite side of the square—something that crouched and crawled along stealthily in the moonlight. Now it was hidden in the shadow of the high chimneys, now it was gliding along the very parapet. Suddenly this shapeless mass arose and revealed the figure of a woman. There, on a mere ledge of stone, she stood looking down fearlessly into the square. The figure tossed its arms wildly above its head, as if in glee; and then through the still night-air came a loud discordant laugh. My breath came quick as I gazed at the apparition. A few moments dragged on, and then I beheld another figure glide along to the woman's side, lay a firm grasp on her robe, and bear her away through a window in the roof. They disappeared. The moon shone peacefully as before. All was still save the splash of the fountain under the lime-trees, and a few minutes after I half doubted whether I had not been dreaming.

Indeed so improbable did all this seem to me next morning that I attributed it to the disordered fancy of one suddenly roused from sleep, and, as such, determined to forget all about it. It could not have been many days after when my doctor gave me permission to leave my room.

The first use I made of my freedom was to hasten to the booking-office of the opera in the Rue Hérold and secure a stall for the evening. The salle was crowded when I took my seat at night; but among all the excited spectators not one perhaps awaited the rising of the curtain with such anxiety as myself. As I confidently expected, Mademoiselle Darron and my mysterious neighbor were one and the same person. I recognized her instantly. When the burst of applause that greeted her appearance had subsided she commenced her first air. From that moment I was all ear. Never did soul speak to soul as through those tones. It was the voice of a thrush, guided by human sense and feeling—clear and liquid as the outpouring of a bird. I listened with a delight and agitation I could not control. In the grand scene at the close all the powers of the actress were developed. She rose with the part, until a picture of heart-broken woe, that had all the terrible truth of reality, was presented. Even now I can not think of it without emotion. I left the theatre in a glow of enthusiasm.

Too excited to retire for the night, I walked up and down under the lime-trees, recalling the powerful scene I had witnessed. Every time I heard the sound of wheels on the rough pavement of the Place I expected to see Mademoiselle Darron and her father (from his tender solicitude I knew the old man could be no other) return to their home.

At last they came. I crossed the square, and was near enough to their door when they alighted to see a tall, masculine-looking woman, with gold ear-rings and a high-crowned cap, holding a light in the entrance. I could hear Mademoiselle Darron's voice as she addressed her:

"Well, Marthe, we are home again, and so tired!"

The light shone full on her face; it was pale and jaded, but beautiful as ever. They passed in quickly; the door was hastily closed, and I heard bolt and bar drawn within. The last echoes of their footsteps died away in the house; but I stood there still in the shadow of the door-way, haunted by the vision that had suddenly risen before me of that strange figure I had seen wandering on the roof.

Was Mademoiselle Darron a somnambulist?

CHAPTER II.—THE MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

My long confinement had rendered the four walls of my chamber on the fourth floor of the Hôtel du Grand Cerf so irksome to me that I spent the whole of the following day in the open air. Even when evening had given place to night, and the world of L—— had forsaken the promenade on the Grande Place, I still remained out under the stars, loth to exchange the freshness of the night-breeze for the stifling atmosphere of my room under the roof.

I was watching the gradual disappearance of all the lights from the upper windows—all save one, which kept its nightly vigils as of old—when the sound of a door opening attracted my attention. It was M. Darron coming out of his house, with his cane in his hand and a cloak over his shoulder, as though prepared for a midnight walk. He crossed into the middle of the square, and began pacing up and down under the trees with slow and stooping gait. He had gone backward and forward many times, when he approached the fountain where the grim water-god in the centre sat pouring a noisy stream from his urn. The old man stood and gazed into the dark pool before him, with his elbow resting on the ledge of the basin. Suddenly I saw him bend down his head, and heard him weeping. There was something very sad in the sight of this old man's grief. I should have withdrawn, had it been a stranger thus revealing some secret sorrow; but my long watchings and silent interest in M. Darron and his daughter seemed to have established a sort of tie between us, and given me the privilege of a friend. It was therefore without hesitation or reflection that I gave way to the impulse upon me.

"Monsieur Darron," I exclaimed, going quietly up to him, and placing my hand on his arm, "your grief pains me. Tell me, can I help you? I am not so great a stranger as you suppose."

"Who are you? What do you mean? How comes it you know my name? Monsieur, this intrusion is an offense!"

His eyes grew fiery in the dark; his voice shook with anger.

The presumption of my conduct had, in a moment, become clear to me. I attempted no commonplace apology, but told him of my long confinement to my room, of the observations that had grown out of it, and the process by which I had come to a knowledge of his name. When he heard this, he grew calmer. "The eccentricities of a sick man must be pardoned," he supposed. "An invalid was glad of any resource for killing time, and therefore monsieur had taken a fancy for studying the habits of a neighbor so insignificant as himself."

"Not only from the idle curiosity of a sick man," I replied, "had I watched my neighbors. I might—"

What! had I other motives—secret ones? Speak out! What did I know?

M. Darron clutched my arm fiercely; but I replied that I knew nothing but what was the result of conjecture; and that as for my motives, they were to be found in the interest—a most friendly one, I would presume to say—that I felt in himself and his daughter. As I spoke, M. Darron looked fixedly at me. After a minute, I could see his face relax in the uncertain light.

"Then I am to believe, monsieur, that you possess a nature so benevolent as to induce you to seek my acquaintance because you have seen me in distress to-night? Well, a man who offers his sympathy as you have done should not be judged harshly. I am no close discriminator of character, I fear"—he heaved a sigh—"and it would be a poor triumph to deceive me. You are a stranger too, if I mistake not?" And the old man, in whom there seemed a strange blending of shrewdness and simplicity, seemed desirous to put aside the distrust with which he had at first viewed me. We moved away to a bench near and sat down.

"You have seen my daughter, then! You know her! Is it not truly a marvelous genius?" The mention of her name had roused his enthusiasm in a moment. "Ah! she deserves the homage of the world. My Josephine! She is more to me than you can conceive. Monsieur, the world knows her not. It sees in her only the first artiste of the opera; but *I*—I know her as the angel of my home, the devoted daughter of the poor old violinist, whose seat in the orchestra is only allowed him because he is her father. Ah, monsieur, she is God's best gift to me, and yet—yet He sometimes afflicts us most through those we love best."

He ceased, and sat tapping his snuff-box lid, sighing deeply from time to time. Once or twice, in the desultory conversation that ensued, he appeared on the point of communicating something to me, but a nervous restraint seemed upon him, and he would stop speaking quite suddenly. After a short time he rose, bowed a hasty good-night, and moved off in the direction of his own house.

I was about to return home likewise, when I noticed something lying on the bench by my side; it was M. Darron's snuff-box. I took it up and ran after him across the square, but his door had closed upon him ere I reached the house. I knocked; the door was immediately opened again, and M. Darron stood in the entrance, looking angry and surprised at seeing me there. I explained matters, and handed him the box. He thanked me politely, wished me good-night, and shut the door again. I heard him draw bolt and chain, listened to his retiring footsteps, and then moved slowly away. I had got a few paces from the door when there came a loud, jarring fit of laughter from within the house. It was the wildest, most unearthly sound I ever heard. The laugh was repeated, and then a window above was hastily closed. I shivered as though a sudden ice-blast had passed through the summer night.

CHAPTER III.—LA GRANDE ARTISTE.

The day following my midnight interview with M. Darron on the Grande Place, I received a note from him inclosing an order for the opera for that night. I need not say that I availed myself of it when the time arrived. The mystery that hung about the beautiful young singer and her strange home had so deepened of late, that I found myself unable to check the growing interest I felt in all that concerned her. Could it be that some terrible secret really clung to the inmates of that gloomy house? The light that burned there nightly, the apparition on the roof, and the fearful laughter I had heard, were more than enough to rouse suspicion. Was it possible that Josephine Darron, the great actress and singer, was a sleep-walker? or, worse still, the victim of a diseased mind? The idea was too horrible. And yet the same night, when she appeared before me on the stage, singing with a supernatural pathos, I seemed again to have before my eyes the very figure I had seen on the roof of the old house tossing its arms wildly to the sky.

The terrible fascination which this thought gave to every look and movement of the actress I can not describe. I left the theatre in a state of wretched excitement.

The next morning I resolved to call on M. Darron to thank him for the ticket. As I rang the bell at the door of the gloomy house, I looked up at the closed windows with many curious speculations. It was evident that there were no other tenants in the house, for all the lower floors were unoccupied and the bell handles belonging to them were rusty. The door opened at length, and the masculine-looking woman with gold ear-rings and high cap demanded my business with an air of grim surprise. Evidently hesitating as to the policy of the proceeding, she bade me walk in, locked the door again, and ushered me up a great flight of stone stairs. The noise of our footsteps, as we ascended, echoed drearily in the empty chambers we passed, and through the half-opened shutters of the staircase windows, dusty streaks of sunlight fell athwart our path. Marthe spoke not a word, but coughed a bass cough—of dissatisfaction, I thought—every time we reached a landing. At length we arrived on the fourth floor; and passing through a gloomy little ante-room, Marthe led me into a large cool-looking chamber, adorned with mirrors and dark furniture. An open piano stood in one corner, and sheets of manuscript music littered the chairs and floor. I could hear M. Darron's violin in an inner room. Marthe, who had all along eyed me with considerable suspicion, now bade me sit down, while she summoned her master. I remarked that the grim woman carried a great bunch of keys at her side, and unlocked and relocked all the doors with methodical care.

In two or three minutes M. Darron appeared, wearing an old dressing-gown and shabby slippers, and carrying his violin in his hand. From the coldness of his reception I feared he considered my visit an intrusion. I proceeded to thank him for the great pleasure he had afforded me, and begged that Mademoiselle Josephine would accept the bouquet of flowers I had ventured to bring her; then, as I had nothing more to say, I sat in silence.

"You are very polite, monsieur, and my daughter will thank you."

The old man took the flowers, and laid them on the piano; he then resumed his seat, and sat looking at me, as though he wished to know what other reason I had for coming there. As I was scarcely in a position to explain, I took refuge in some generality of conversation, only, however, to subside again into silence, for my host gave me no encouragement to proceed. How I should have fared I know not had not the door opened and Mademoiselle Darron appeared at this crisis. She did not see me on entering; but taking up the flowers from the piano, exclaimed, "How kind of you, mon papa, to buy me these lovely flowers!" Then, perceiving me, she bowed with an air of surprise, and looked toward her father for an explanation.

"It is this English gentleman whom you must thank for your nosegay, Josephine. He has called, I believe, purposely to present it to you."

Mademoiselle Darron thanked me in a few simple words. From her unconstrained manner it was evident that the presence of a stranger did not disturb her as it did her father; or it might be that his embarrassment gave her self-possession; for after an awkward pause, during which M. Darron drew a few plaintive notes from his violin, as he sat nervously caressing it, she led the conversation to my recent accident, and spoke of my long confinement to my room, of which her father had told her. While mademoiselle expressed her sympathy in a most natural manner, and filled me with admiration of her grace and tact, I remarked how pale and worn she looked. When Josephine rose and left the room to seek a vase for the flowers, M. Darron crossed over and came and seated himself by my side.

"Sir, I know not what other motives you can have in seeking our acquaintance than those you have already assigned. I am content to believe in them. It rejoices me to see my daughter interested in any thing or in any one. Her life is not so bright or gay as the life of a young person should be. Yet, monsieur, I regret to say that I can not welcome you to my house as I should wish. My home is of necessity a quiet, a secluded one. Therefore, though I thank you, monsieur, for the friendly interest you testify, and beg you to continue it, you must pardon me for not returning the same after the manner of the world."

His daughter entered, and he ceased speaking. Shortly after I withdrew. Marthe reappeared to conduct me to the door, and again we went through the same process of locking and unlocking, until we reached the ground-floor, where my conductress grimly took leave of me.

During the week that followed I made some little further advance in my acquaintance with my mysterious neighbors. I ventured to leave a basket of choice fruit one morning; on another, I carried mademoiselle some English books she had expressed a wish to read; and M. Darron did not seem displeased at these attentions, although his nervousness and reserve of manner never wore off. One evening, when thanking me for some trifle or other, he suddenly exclaimed, "Monsieur, I am glad of any thing that will interest or rouse my daughter. Think you that she looks better, gayer than she did? Bah! how can you judge? I forget what I say." And he proceeded rapidly to another subject.

I had now been one month in L——; I had recovered from my lameness, and dismissed my doctor, yet I felt loth to quit the place, and had made no plans for further travel. They were made for me, however, by others.

A letter from an old friend reached me at this time, informing me that, if I had any wish to see him again ere he left Europe, I must proceed to Marseilles within three or four days, as he was just starting for the East. As he was one whom I valued highly, I did not hesitate for a moment, but resolved to quit L—— at the end of two days. I was on my way to the post-office in the Rue du Bac to dispatch my letter, when I caught sight of the words "Darron," "sudden illness," staring out of a large bill placarded on a wall: "The sudden illness of Mademoiselle Darron compelled the manager to substitute another opera this evening, which he trusted would be," etc.

I had seen mademoiselle only the day before, and had already taken a place for that night. I turned my back on the theatre, and wandered away to the outskirts of the town.

It was growing dusk when I noticed the figure of an old man standing close to the water's edge, a few yards from where I lay. He was looking steadily at the stream, and leaned on his stick, as if in meditation. It was M. Darron. Surprised to see him there, when his daughter was lying ill, I rose and approached him. He started back when I spoke, but, upon recognizing me, recovered his composure.

"Yes, monsieur, my poor Josephine is ill—very ill. She tells me she will soon be well again; but her illness is not one that is soon cured, I fear;" and he sighed heavily, and shook his head.

I was uttering some words of hope, when M. Darron turned round to me with a warmth of manner I had never seen in him before.

"Monsieur, you know what my daughter, my Josephine, is to me; you know how God has gifted her: figure, then, what I suffer to see her pining away—dying before my eyes! And so young—so young!"

His voice shook, and he stopped. M. Darron was in a mood unlike any I had ever beheld him in. Whether it was that the twilight did away with his natural reserve, or that an uncontrollable desire to pour out his sorrows into some friendly ear had seized him, I know not; but we sat down upon the bank, and he talked to me as though I had been the friend of years. His revelation ran thus:

Josephine, his idolized daughter, was dying of a broken heart. Though she appeared before the world full of the energy of genius, and could arouse the emotions of an audience at her will, she was sinking under a malady "which was slowly devouring her life," as M. Darron expressed it. Three years ago her hand had been sought by a young officer who had been brought up in the same place—a town on the German frontiers—where her own youth was passed. He had studied the violin under M. Darron, and of all his pupils was the one the old music-master most favored. But in spite of his regard for Fabien de Moléon, M. Darron showed small favor to his suit. He had other views for his daughter. His ambition was to see her "*grande artiste*," as he said; and he was looking forward to the day when the hopes of a lifetime would be repaid in the fame of his child. Moreover, Fabien de Moléon was of a poor but noble family; and when Madame de Moléon, his mother, heard of the attachment he had formed for the daughter of his music-master, she determined to leave no means untried to break it off. Threats and caresses were tried in vain. The young lieutenant declared his love to be unalterable. So Madame de Moléon resolved to trust to the pride and generosity of Josephine to liberate her son from his engagement. In a secret visit to the music-master's daughter she represented to her how her son's prospects in life would be ruined by such an alliance; and how he would incur the enmity of all his friends; and how the best proof of her love for him would be shown in putting an end to their engagement at once. The appeal to the girl's dignity and affection was not in vain; Josephine renounced her lover, and believed she had done right. Had she known what a cruel stab she was inflicting on a heart that beat only for her she could not have carried out her sacrifice. De Moléon wrote her one letter, which she had carried ever since in her bosom, as the poor penitent wears the shirt of hair to scourge his guilty flesh. It lay there burning out her heart, for its words were heated with the scorn and indignation of him whom she loved best in the world. De Moléon returned to her all her gifts and letters, and left home suddenly, cutting off all traces to his retreat. From that hour Josephine Darron devoted herself to her art with the whole energy of her nature. "And now I have gained my wish!" continued the old man, bitterly. "She has earned the fame I coveted; but her heart is breaking. Fools—fools that we are! What need had I to change my name, and assume that of Darron, in order to elude De Moléon's pursuit! I would give all I have could I now recall him to her feet."

Such was the story confided to my ears by the old man's trembling lips as we sat by the river-side in the deepening twilight. I parted with M. Darron at the door of my hotel, and retired to my room, pondering on the history I had heard. As yet I felt I had not fully fathomed the mystery of that household; M. Darron, I feared, had concealed from me the worst calamity—the one more terrible than death—that threatened his daughter.

The next day I felt sure it would not be regarded as an intrusion were I to call and inquire after Mademoiselle Darron's health. I had already noticed several inquirers at the door; for, in spite of their secluded habits, the residence of the popular singer was becoming known. Marthe, I observed, gave prompt replies, but admitted none. For myself, I augured an exception would be permitted.

But when I presented myself to the grim custodian, she replied in a surly way that "she was not sure whether her master *was* at home—thought he *wouldn't* see me—could I leave a message instead?" And evidently against her will, and with a very bad grace, at last allowed me to enter.

"Yes, ma'mselle was still ill," she replied, in answer to my inquiries as we ascended the stairs. "No, she didn't quit her room—couldn't say whether she was better than she was yesterday." Here all further inquiries were put an end to by a violent fit of coughing which seized Marthe just as we reached the second landing. By the time it had subsided, we had reached the fourth floor.

"Enter, monsieur," said Marthe, throwing open a door, and pointing forward with a stalwart arm.

It was the ante-room I have before mentioned—a dark, gloomy little chamber, with doors on either side communicating with other apartments. Near one of these doors stood a large folding screen, which added to the sombre aspect of the room. Marching across the polished floor before me, Marthe suddenly stopped. "Peste! where have I put my keys, then?" she exclaimed, making active search for the same. "Ah, mule's head, I must have left them below. In two minutes, monsieur, I will return;" and she hurried down stairs with rapid steps.

But the two minutes expired, and Marthe returned not; the keys were not forthcoming, it appeared. I stood listening for the sound of her returning footsteps on the stairs, when I suddenly heard a strange noise in the room: it seemed like the breathing of an animal, and came, I thought, from behind the screen. I listened: all was still. No; there it was again—a heavy, measured respiration, close at hand. I could not describe the strange fear that crept over me at the sound. I stood rooted to the ground. The next moment the screen trembled from top to bottom, and a wild figure rushed out from behind it, and stood staring at me with shining eyes. Good Heaven, it was Josephine Darron!

"Hush!" she whispered, placing her finger to her lips—"Hush! They don't know. See here!"

She held up Marthe's great bunch of keys, and looked at me with a fearful idiotic smile.

"Ah, ah! you won't tell?" She jingled the bunch of keys, darted through the side-door near her, and, flinging herself on the floor of the adjoining room, burst into a loud, mad shriek of laughter.

Had I come suddenly upon her dead body lying in the room, it would not have filled me with such horror. There, groveling on the floor in idiotic mirth, lay that beautiful and gifted girl—lay there, babbling, stricken, mad! I cast one glance at the unhappy creature, felt a sudden sense of suffocation seize me, and hastened rapidly from the room.

I have some recollection of passing Marthe rushing up the stairs, and of finding the street-door wide open, but I remember nothing clearly for the first few minutes after I had made this terrible discovery.

Horrible realization of my worst fears! Josephine Darron was mad. The next morning I quitted L——, and bade farewell to my old chamber under the roof where I had viewed the first scenes of this strange drama, yet to be played out before my eyes.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CATASTROPHE.

Arrived at Marseilles, I found that all the distractions of travel and new scenes, powerfully as they influenced me, were unable to drive away the recollection of the old house on the Grande Place of L—— and its inmates. At night, I saw in my dreams the light burning in the casement; by day, I heard that fearful laughter ring in my ears. Even when I stood in the midst of a busy street or on a crowded quay, I would start at the sound; and my friend rallied me for having grown nervous with my confinement to my room.

The day he left I went to the *bureau des diligences* and secured a place back to Paris for the morrow.

I had a fellow-passenger, a dark, sunburned officer, who had just returned from Algiers. Colonel Rembert had been away from home for some years, and showed a lively interest in the affairs of his country. As I said, he had just returned from Algiers, where he had gained promotion and the scar that seamed his dark face.

In those days of wearisome traveling I should have found the journey intolerable but for the society of my new acquaintance. We were three days making our way back to L——, which lay between us and Paris, and all that time the autumn sun shone down with a tropical intensity upon the long and dusty roads.

As there were no means of proceeding to Paris until the following day, Colonel Rembert—between whom and myself a very friendly feeling had sprung up—decided to accompany me to the hotel where I was about to stay. It was not the old one on the Grande Place, associated with so many memories, but was situated in another quarter of the town, near the Rue Hérold.

I was burning with anxiety to put some questions to the people of the hotel respecting the Darrons, but a horror of hearing their history discussed in a public room prevented me. As we sat at table, I could see through the hotel windows some old tattered play-bills on a wall opposite, announcing Mademoiselle Darron's appearance in one of her favorite parts. It was a ghastly mockery that made my heart ache.

Colonel Rembert joined in the conversation going on with the zest of a man long absent from his country. As an officer returned from foreign service, he carried with him a passport to general favor. André, the waiter, like a true son of France, hovered assiduously about his chair, and brought him the finest peaches, the coolest wines he could lay his hands on.

"What a happy man you are!" I exclaimed, as we rose from the table together. "Going home to your friends—returning to Paris; why, with those medals and decorations of yours, you will be the lion of your circle for a month to come!"

"Circle?—Friends? Pshaw! A soldier's circle is in the mess-room; his friends, his brother-officers. I shall not make the sensation you anticipate for me, *mon ami*;" and he laughed rather bitterly, I thought.

I looked at him earnestly as he sat turning over the leaves of a journal at a side-table. Colonel Rembert was perhaps a man to be less envied than I had imagined. There were traces of other rough usage than that the vicissitudes of a soldier's life bring with it, in the lines that furrowed his face. He was still looking over the paper when he exclaimed,

"There is an opera, I see, in L——, to-night. Who is this going to play Amina in 'La Sonnambule?' Darron, Mademoiselle Darron, is the lady's name?"

"What! To-night? Mademoiselle Darron?" I ejaculated, snatching the paper from his hands. "Where? Where did you see it? You are wrong—you are wrong!"

"Pardon me—see there!" and Colonel Rembert stared at me in amazement as he pointed to the paragraph. My senses refused to comprehend it. There, on the printed page I held, it was announced that Josephine Darron would make her first appearance since her recent illness that very night! I stood speechless.

"You know the lady, perhaps? Is she really as great a genius as the press of L—— would have one believe?" asked Colonel Rembert. "What say you to our going to judge for ourselves? I am an idle man to-night."

"Go?" I exclaimed; "yes, at once—this very moment. We shall yet be there in time;" and, without offering an explanation, I hurried my companion into the street. We reached the doors of the theatre before I had time even to do more than inform him that I knew Mademoiselle Darron, as he supposed, and on quitting L—— a short time since, had left her dangerously ill. I have no recollection of his reply; I only remember that we went in with a dense crowd, and that the house was filled throughout, five minutes after the doors were opened. Once I turned to a neighbor in the pit, and demanded of him if the principal singer had been long ill.

"La Darron? Oh no; only a little indisposition," he supposed. "We could not afford to lose our star yet—no, no;" and he shrugged his shoulders and went on laughing and talking with the friend by his side. I felt sick with apprehension. Could it be possible that I was awaiting the appearance on the stage of her whom I had last seen in a paroxysm of insanity? Josephine Darron, even had she recovered her reason, could not be returning to her profession again: the idea was monstrous, revolting. I sat beating away the wild fancies that rose up before me as I watched for the uprising of the curtain.

At length a bell tinkled, strains of music broke from the orchestra, and the curtain slowly rose. I could see nothing at first for the sudden agitation that came over me; then, when I had grown calmer, I beheld the group of village maidens awaiting the appearance of Amina. After the opening music had been sung, there was a silvery laugh heard, and the next moment, amidst the silence of the audience, the heroine came on. She bends low before the thunders of applause that burst forth, then advances to gather up the bouquets that are thrown her. She has reached the foot-lights, and stands in the full blaze of the whole house. It is none other—it is Josephine Darron!

To see her standing there, beautiful and self-possessed, with that other picture of her in my memory, was at once the saddest and most appalling contradiction. Not the pang I suffered in finding her mad on the floor of her chamber equaled what I endured in beholding her there now. Her glance ran round the house in acknowledgment of the applause, and then she threw herself into her part with all the *abandon* and freshness of her own bright genius. Knowing what I did, I felt that it was impossible for me to remain a spectator. I was on the point of withdrawing, when suddenly the bird-like voice on which every ear hung entranced, ceased. Mademoiselle Darron, in one moment had turned ashy white, and stood trembling in every limb. There was a wild gleam in her eye, and her gaze was fastened on the spot where I sat, as though she beheld a spectre there. The chorus, in affright, started back, and stood gazing at her as at one possessed; the orchestra grew mute while a terrible silence settled over the whole house. What is it that Mademoiselle Darron sees in us that she stares thus wildly? Her lips work as though she strove to articulate; one hand is pressed on her brow, the other on her heart; she is convulsed; she is going mad. The next moment a loud cry rang through the theatre, and Josephine Darron fell, like one dead, upon the floor.

The whole house was a scene of uproar; on all sides there was a clamoring of voices and dismay. I saw the black curtain sinking down, and beheld a gray-haired old man carried out from the orchestra; but I saw no more. My hand was grasped as though in a vice by the companion at my side. Colonel Rembert seemed suffocating. Great drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and a hoarse sound issued from his chest. With an immense effort he stood up, and broke a way through the mass of human beings about us. I followed on his steps, hastening I knew not whither, but conscious that a crisis was at hand.

I have a recollection of traversing lobbies and dim passages, of diving into strange, lamp-lighted recesses, of coming suddenly upon motley groups in stage costume. On all sides people gave way before my companion; there was that in his air that told them it would be dangerous to intercept him. At length we reached the green-room; there, surrounded by the frightened people of the place, lay Josephine Darron, pale and lifeless, as they had borne her from the stage. Colonel Rembert was at her side in a moment. One glance at his face, as he bent over her, revealed to me the right by which he approached her thus: it was Fabien de Moléon who knelt by her couch.

"Air—air!" he cried; and he put aside the thronging women, and took her in his arms.

None questioned the right by which he assumed authority there.

"Where is her father? Where is her home here? Who knows?"

He looked round, and his eye caught mine. I was endeavoring to rouse M. Darron, who was lying almost insensible on a bench near. The old man heard the voice and looked round.

"Home, Fabien? Yes; what is it? I am better now; we must go home. O God, my daughter!" The sight of his child had restored to him suddenly a knowledge of what had happened.

I had sent for a carriage, and hastened to tell Colonel Rembert it was at the door. My anxiety to remove them from this place was great; I dreaded the exposure that would follow on Josephine's recovery. Perhaps, now, her reason had fled forever.

When at last we reached the old house on the Grande Place, it tortured me to think of the terrible discovery the brave Colonel had still to make. Little did he dream, as he bore his loved burden up the old stairs, what a fearful change sorrow had wrought there. I could have prayed, as I saw her lying in his arms, that that might be death which looked so like it. Better her spirit should pass away thus, than return to a home where there was darkness deeper than that of the grave.

But no, she lives! Josephine Darron stirs, sighs, then opens her eyes, and gazes up into the face bending over her. There is a smile upon her face—a smile of reason—of deep content. We stand around in silence, Marthe, M. Darron, and I. Josephine is speaking to De Moléon in a low and gentle voice; Marthe, the grim, grenadier-like Marthe, is weeping; M. Darron is gazing at them with a working face; and I—I am awaking from the nightmare that has oppressed me these many weeks.

See, there is a strange figure hovering in the back-ground! The door at the further end of the room has slowly opened, and *another Josephine* stands staring at the scene!

"O Heaven! it is Louise!" screams Marthe, wringing her hands in dismay.

"Louise, my poor Louise; come here, sister." Josephine Darron half rose from her couch, and spoke in the tone in which one addresses a child. "You love to see me happy, Louise? Well, I am happy, very happy, to-night." She drew the forlorn figure to her side and kissed her on the brow.

The girl looked strangely at us, then laughed a low, idiotic laugh, and began playing with Josephine's long hair. Even there, side by side, there is the same likeness to be seen; and as I gaze at them, the secret of that gloomy household, the mystery of many weeks, reveals itself to my wondering eyes. In that blighted creature crooning at Josephine's side, I recognize the spectre that has long haunted me—it is Mademoiselle Darron's twin-sister.

It was a strange scene on which the moon shone that night in the old chamber. I see it all before me now: the grim-faced Marthe; the gray-haired father; the poor idiot girl, twining her long fingers in her sister's hair; and, bright centre of it all, Josephine, with peace shining in her face, and her hand clasped in that of the sun-burned soldier.

There remains little to be said. Ere I quitted L——, Josephine Duménil—Darron being the name, as I have said, which she had assumed on entering her profession—became the wife of Colonel de Moléon. Our intimacy, commenced so strangely, continues to this day, and, until her private history became known to me, I little dreamed of the beauty and heroism Josephine's life had displayed. Bound by a promise to her dying mother never to forsake her twin-sister, nor to leave her to the care of strangers, she had nobly fulfilled her charge. Aided by their old servant, Marthe, she had watched over her with a devotion that was sublime in its sacrifice of self. She had been repaid in the docile affection of the idiot girl. In her wildest moods Louise was obedient to Josephine's voice, and often, when some cruel fancy or wild excitement preyed on the poor sufferer, the 'grande artiste' would rise from her bed, and sing the maniac girl to sleep.

When these and other things were made known to me in the days that followed, I felt that beautiful as the life of the young singer had seemed to me, viewed in the light of her genius and her sorrows, yet its truest beauties had been those known only to her own household on the Grande Place of L——.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

MARGARET cut off a huge piece of venison, and ran to the window, and threw it to the green eyes of fire. They darted on it with a savage snarl: and there was a sound of rending and crunching: at this moment the hound uttered a bay so near and loud it rang through the house, and the three at the window shrank together. Then the leopard feared for his supper, and glided swiftly and stealthily away with it toward the woods, and the very next moment horses and men and dogs came helter-skelter past the window, and followed her full cry. Martin and his companions breathed again: the leopard was swift, and would not be caught within a league of their house.

To table once more, and Gerard drank to woman's wit: "'tis stronger than man's force," said he.

"Ay," said Margaret, "when those she loves are in danger; not else."

To-night Gerard staid with her longer than usual, and went home prouder than ever of her, and happy as a prince. Some little distance from home, under the shadow of some trees, he encountered two figures: they almost barred his way.

It was his father and mother.

A cold chill fell on him.

He stopped and looked at them: they stood grim and silent. He stammered out some words of inquiry:

"What brought them out so late?"

"Why ask?" said his father; "you can guess why we are here."

"Oh, Gerard!" said his mother, with a voice full of reproach and yet of affection.

Gerard's heart quaked: he was silent.

Then his father pitied his confusion, and said to him:

"Nay, you need not to hang your head. You are not the first young fool that has been caught by a red cheek and a pair of blue eyes."

"No, no!" put in Catherine: "it was witchcraft. Peter the Magician is well known for that."

"Come, Sir Priest," resumed his father. "You know you must not meddle with women-folk. But give us your promise to go no more to Sevenbergen, and here all ends: we won't be hard on you for one fault."

"I can't promise that, father."

"Not promise it, you young hypocrite."

"Nay, father, call me not so: I lacked courage to tell you what I knew would vex you; and right grateful am I to that good friend, whoever he be, that has let you know. 'Tis a load off my mind. Yes, father, I love Margaret: and call me not a priest, for a priest I will never be. I will die sooner."

"That we shall see, young man. Come, gainsay me no more; you will learn what 'tis to offend a father."

Gerard held his peace; and the three walked home in gloomy silence, broken only by a deep sigh or two from Catherine.

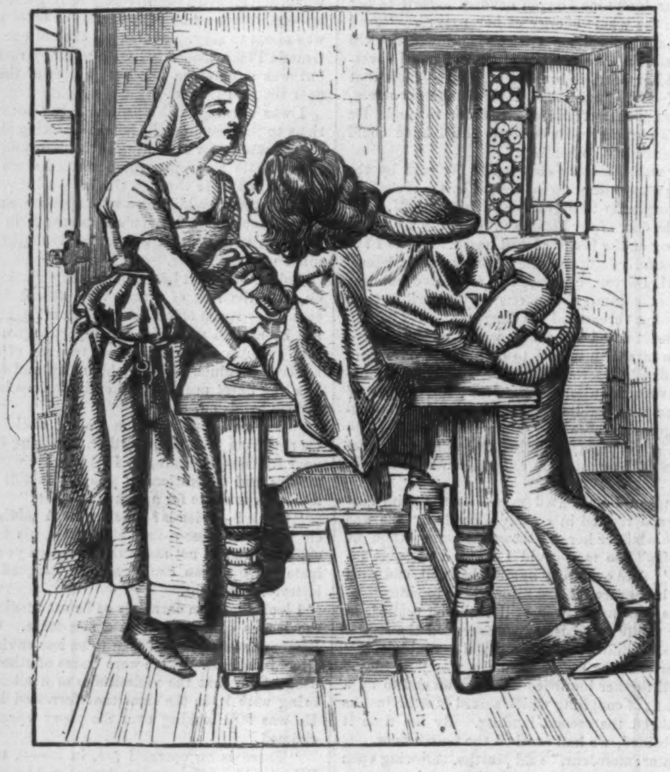
From that hour the little house at Tergou was no longer the abode of peace. Gerard was taken to task next day before the whole family; and every voice was loud against him, except little Kate's and the dwarf's, who was apt to take his cue from her without knowing why. As for Cornelis and Sybrandt, they were bitterer than their father. Gerard was dismayed at finding so many enemies, and looked wistfully into his little sister's face: her eyes were brimming at the harsh words showered on one who but yesterday was the universal pet. But she gave him no encouragement: she turned her head away from him, and said:

"Dear, dear Gerard, pray to Heaven to cure you of this folly! What, are you against me, too," said Gerard, sadly, and he rose with a deep sigh, and left the house and went to Sevenbergen.

The beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection though opposed in interest and sentiment, is comparatively innocent; both are in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm, judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from Heaven. For the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the fallibility and irascibility of human nature: these are not confined to either side, and finally the invariable end is reached—both in the wrong.

The combatants were unequally matched. Gerard Senior was angry, Cornelis and Sybrandt spiteful; but Gerard, having a larger and more cultivated mind, saw both sides where they saw but one, and had fits of irresolution, and was not wrath, but unhappy. He was lonely too in this struggle. He could open his heart to no one. Margaret was a high-spirited girl: he dared not tell her what he had to endure at home; she was capable of siding with his relations by resigning him, though at the cost of her own happiness. Margaret Van Eyck had been a great comfort to him on another occasion; but now he dared not make her his confidante. Her own history was well known. In early life she had many offers of marriage; but refused them all for the sake of that art to which a wife's and mother's duties are so fatal: thus she remained single and painted with her brothers. How could he tell her that he declined the benefice she had got him, and declined it for the sake of that which at his age she had despised and sacrificed so lightly.

Gerard at this period bade fair to succumb. But the other side had a horrible ally in Catherine Senior. This good-hearted but uneducated woman could not, like her daughter, act quietly and firmly: still less could she act upon a plan. She irritated Gerard at times, and so helped him, for anger is a great sustainer of the courage: at others she turned round in a moment and made onslaughts on her own forces. To take a single instance out of many: one day that they were all at home, Catherine and all, Cornelis said: "Our Gerard wed Margaret Brandt? Why it is hunger marrying thirst."



"And what will it be when you marry?" cried Catherine. "Gerard can paint, Gerard can write, but what can you do to keep a woman, ye lazy loon? Naught but wait for your father's shoes. Oh, we can see why you and Sybrandt would not have the poor boy to marry. You are afraid he will come to us for a share of our substance. And suppose he does, and suppose we give it him, it isn't yours to say nay, and mayhap never will be."

On these occasions Gerard smiled slyly, and picked up heart: and temporary confusion fell on Catherine's unfortunate allies. But at last, after more than six months of irritation, came the climax. The father told the son before the whole family he had ordered the Burgomaster to imprison him in the Stadthouse rather than let him marry Margaret. Gerard turned pale with anger at this, but by a great effort held his peace. His father went on to say, "And a priest you shall be before the year is out, nilly willy."

"Is it so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God and St. Bavon I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. Since force is to decide it, and not love and duty, try force, father; but force shall not serve you, for the day I see the Burgomaster come for me I leave Tergou forever, and Holland too, and my father's house, where it seems I have been valued all these years, not for myself, but for what is to be got out of me."

And he flung out of the room white with anger and desperation.

"There!" cried Catherine, "that comes of driving young folk too hard. But men are crueler than tigers, even to their own flesh and blood. Now, Heaven forbid he should ever leave us, married or single."

As Gerard came out of the house, his cheeks pale and his heart panting, he met Richt Heynes: she had a message for him: Margaret Van Eyck desired to see him. He found the old lady seated grim as a judge. She wasted no time in preliminaries, but inquired coldly why he had not visited her of late; before he could answer, she said, in a sarcastic tone, "I thought we had been friends, young Sir!"

At this Gerard looked the picture of doubt and consternation.

"It is because you never told her you were in love," said Richt Heynes, pitying his confusion.

"Silence, wench! Why should he tell us his affairs? We are not his friends: we have not deserved his confidence."

"Alas! my second mother," said Gerard, "I did not dare to tell you my folly."

"What folly? Is it folly to love?"

"I am told so every day of my life."

"You need not have been afraid to tell my mistress; she is always kind to true lovers."

"Madam—Richt—I was afraid, because I was told—"

"Well? you were told—"

"That in your youth you scorned love, preferring art."

"I did, boy; and what is the end of it? Behold me here a barren stock, while the women of my youth have a troop of children at their side, and grandchildren at their knee. I gave up the sweet joys of wifehood and motherhood for what? for my dear brothers; they have gone and left me long ago;—for my art; it has left me too. I have the knowledge still, but what avails that when the hand trembles? No, Gerard; I look on you as my son. You are good, you are handsome, you are a painter, though not like some I have known. I will never let you throw your youth away as I did mine: you shall marry this Margaret. I have inquired, and she is a good daughter. Richt here is a gossip. She has told me all about it. But that need not hinder *you* to tell me."

Poor Gerard was overjoyed to be permitted to tell his love and his unhappiness; and, above all, to praise Margaret aloud, and to one who could understand what he loved in her.

Soon there were two pair of wet eyes over his story, and when the poor boy saw that, there were three.

Women are justly famous for courage. Theirs is not exactly the same quality as manly courage; that would never do, hang it all; we should have to give up trampling on them. No; it is a vicarious courage. They never take part in a bull-fight by any chance; but it is remarked that they sit at one unshaken by those tremors and apprehensions for the combatants to which the male spectator—feeble-minded wretch!—is subject. Nothing can exceed the resolution with which they have been known to send forth men to battle: as some witty dog says, "Les femmes sont très braves avec le peau d'autrui."

By this trait Gerard now profited. Margaret and Richt were agreed that a man should always take the bull by the horns. Gerard's only course was to marry Margaret Brandt off-hand; the old people would come to after a while, the deed once done. Whereas, the longer this misunderstanding continued on its present footing the worse for all parties, especially for Gerard.

"See how pale and thin they have made him among them."

"Indeed you are, Master Gerard," said Richt. "It makes a body sad to see a young man so wasted and worn. Mistress, when I met him in the street to-day, I had like to have burst out crying—he was so changed."

"And I'll be bound the others keep their color; eh, Richt? such as it is."

"Oh, I see no odds in them."

"Of course not. We painters are no match for boors. We are glass, they are stone. We can't stand the worry, worry, worry of little minds; and it is not for the good of mankind we should be exposed to it. It is hard enough, God knows! to design and paint a master-piece, without having gnats and flies stinging us to death into the bargain."

Exasperated as Gerard was by his father's threat of violence, he listened to these friendly voices telling him his most prudent course was rebellion. But though he listened, he was not convinced.

"I do not fear my father's violence," he said, "but I do fear his anger. When it came to the point he would not imprison me. I would marry Margaret to-morrow if that was my only fear. No; he would disown me. I should take Margaret from her father, and give her a poor husband, who would never thrive, weighed down by his parent's curse. Oh, madam! I sometimes think if I could but marry her secretly, and then take her away to some country where my craft is better paid than in this; and after a year or two, when the storm had blown over, you know, could come back with money in my purse, and say, 'My dear parents, we do not seek your substance; we but ask you to love us once more as you used, and as we have never ceased to love you.' But, alas! I shall be told these are the dreams of an inexperienced young man."

The old lady's eyes sparkled.

"It is no dream, but a piece of wonderful common sense in a boy; it remains to be seen whether you have spirit to carry out your own thought. There is a country, Gerard, where certain fortune awaits you at this moment. Here the arts freeze, but there they flourish, as they never yet flourished in any age or land."

"It is Italy!" cried Gerard. "It is Italy!"

"Yes, Italy! where painters are honored like princes, and scribes are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Know you not that his Holiness the Pope has written to every land for skillful scribes to copy the hundreds of precious manuscripts that are pouring into that favored land from Constantinople, whence learning and learned men are driven by the barbarian Turks."

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the dream and hope of my life to visit Italy, the queen of all the arts. Oh madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome; and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard recovered his spirits, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gibes and the harsh words that flew about his ears at home.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him money's worth. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learned from masters that are gone from me, and have left no fellow behind. Even the Italians know not every thing; and what I tell you now in Tergou you may sell dear in Florence. Note my brother John's pictures: time, which fades all other paintings, leaves his colors bright as the day they left the easel. The reason is, he did nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no hireling to grind his colors; he did it himself, or saw it done. His panel was prepared, and prepared again—I will show you how—a year before he laid his color on. Most of them are quite content to have their work sucked up and lost sooner than not be in a hurry—bad painters are always in a hurry. Above all, Gerard, I warn you never boil your oil; boiling it melts that vegetable dross into its very heart which it is our business to clear away; for impure oil is death to color. No; take your oil and pour it into a bottle with water. In a day or two the water will turn muddy: that is muck from the oil. Pour the dirty water carefully away, and add fresh. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Richt, fetch me that!" Richt brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight. "When your oil has been washed in bottle, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will soon see the water turbid again. But mark, you must not carry this game too far, or the sun will turn your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal and not too drying, drain carefully, and cork it up tight. Grind your own prime colors, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Hubert would put sand or salt in the water to clear the oil quicker. But John used to say, 'Water will do it best if you but give water time.' Jan Van Eyck was never in a hurry, and that is why the world will not forget *him* in a hurry."

This and several other receipts—quæ nune perscribere longum est—Margaret gave him with sparkling eyes, and Gerard received them like a legacy from Heaven, so interesting are some things that read uninteresting. Thus provided with money and knowledge, Gerard decided to marry and fly with his wife to Italy. Nothing remained now but to inform Margaret Brandt of his resolution, and to publish the bans as quietly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these errands. He began with Margaret; told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and the resolution he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XI.

"No, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you come to marriage—" She stopped, then began again. "I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Buyskens as much, and Peter told me. But so long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to have told me this instead of me you), I could not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it very easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well!" he cried; "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for this must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lover only loves me in jest!"

And with this wild, bitter speech he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

THE RAIN.

BY EGBERT PHELPS.

Hear the rain, how it patters
  On the roof!
How each tiny globule clatters
  On the roof!
With its merry, rushing song,
Fainter now, and now more strong,
Making music all night long
  On the roof!

How it varies in its noises
  Overhead!
With its thousand tiny voices
  Overhead!
And I can not lose the rhyme,
For I listen all the time
To its never-ceasing chime
Overhead!

On the good and on the evil
  Still it falls;
Angel, sprite, or human devil,
  Still it falls!
Merrily singing as it yields
Blessings to the thirsty fields,
What a lordly power it wields
  As it falls!

Mountain, valley, brook, and river,
  Bless the rain;
And the dancing leaflets quiver
  With the rain:
Save the sparkling, crystal drop
In the silver lily's cup,
How the thirsty earth drinks up
  All the rain!

How the floods to-night are falling
  On the graves!
With their weirdly voices calling
  O'er the graves!
Where the friends we loved of yore,
Now that weary life is o'er,
Weep its cares and ills no more
  In their graves.

But as seeds that in the earth
  Buried lie,
Ripening for the spring-time birth
  Where they lie,
After winter's gloomy reign,
'Neath the peltings of the rain,
Shall spring up to life again
  Where they lie;

So the forms we bury low
  'Neath the sod,
While the living tear-drops flow
  O'er the sod,
Are but kernels hid from view,
Soon to spring in joy anew,
And eternal youth renew
  With their God.

There are graves in every heart,
  Hid from view;
Silent, lonely, and apart
  From the view:
Where the funeral rites are said,
And the bitter tears are shed,
O'er the spirit's cherished dead,
  Hid from view.

There is gloom in every soul,
  Dark and drear;
Harrowing grief beyond control,
  Doubt and fear:
But in sorrow's dark decline
Flashes of a light divine,
In their radiant glory shine,
  On us here.

Softly fall, gentle rain!
  Overhead;
There are voices in thy strain
  Overhead;
That recall old memories dear,
And I love to listen here
To the burden that they bear
  Overhead.

Alexandria, Louisiana.

GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

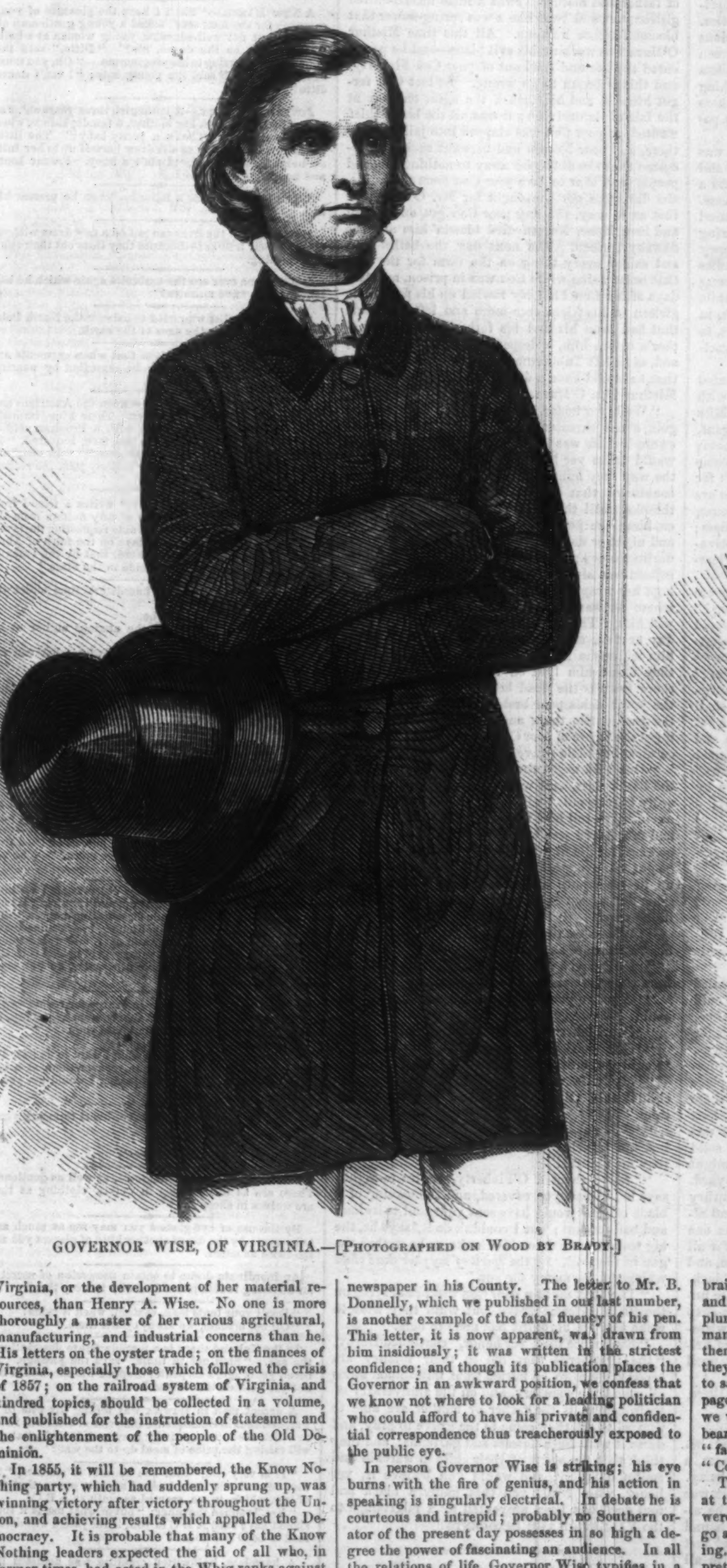
We present our readers this week with a portrait of Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, one of the most prominent politicians of the Union. The portrait, we should mention, was printed on wood at Mr. Brady's photographic establishment in this city.

Mr. Wise was born at Drummond Town, Accomac County, Virginia, on 3d December, 1806, and is, therefore, at the present time, only fifty-two years of age. His family were enabled to give him a good education; he graduated at Washington College, Pennsylvania, and subsequently studied law. On his admission to the bar he removed to Nashville, Tennessee—a town which has witnessed the maiden efforts of not a few of our prominent statesmen. After two years' residence at Nashville, however, the people of Accomac offered to send him to Congress if he would return to his early home. He did so; the promise was kept; and Henry A. Wise made his début, in 1833, in Congress at a time when that body was singularly rich in eloquent and thoughtful men.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this journal to follow the career of Mr. Wise in Congress. Suffice it to say, that the young representative—he was only twenty-seven when he took his seat—soon rendered himself conspicuous by conscientious labor and a stirring, vigorous style of oratory. Very few, if any, of the memorable measures of the time passed the ordeal of Congress without a searching review at the hands of Henry A. Wise.

In 1843 it was felt that the party with which Mr. Wise had acted, and which, at that time, was in possession of the loaves and fishes, owed something to the chivalrous and high-mettled young representative who had so often done battle on their behalf. The mission to Brazil was accordingly tendered to Mr. Wise and accepted by him. He spent four years at Rio, acquiring much valuable information, and cementing the strong alliance which of late years has existed between the United States and Brazil.

In 1847, a new Administration having obtained power, Mr. Wise was superseded in his mission. He returned home, and for the next six or seven years devoted his attention to State affairs. There is probably no man living who has labored more intelligently or efficiently for the advancement of Virginia, or the development of her material resources, than Henry A. Wise. No one is more thoroughly a master of her various agricultural, manufacturing, and industrial concerns than he. His letters on the oyster trade; on the finances of Virginia, especially those which followed the crisis of 1857; on the railroad system of Virginia, and kindred topics, should be collected in a volume, and published for the instruction of statesmen and the enlightenment of the people of the Old Dominion.



GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.—[Photographed on Wood by Brady.]

In 1855, it will be remembered, the Know Nothing party, which had suddenly sprung up, was winning victory after victory throughout the Union, and achieving results which appalled the Democracy. It is probable that many of the Know Nothing leaders expected the aid of all who, in former times, had acted in the Whig ranks against the Democracy. If so, they were disappointed in regard to Mr. Wise. Know Nothingism had made prodigious strides in Virginia; to meet its progress, the Democrats perceived that they must run their strongest man for Governor, and the man they chose to be their standard-bearer on that occasion was Henry A. Wise. The canvass will long be remembered—not only as the most bitter and closest gubernatorial contest ever known in the Old Dominion, but as the final and conclusive struggle between Democracy and Know Nothingism. As every one knows, Wise was victorious; Americanism, as it was sometimes called, never recovered from the blow.

As Governor, Mr. Wise has been active, laborious, and useful. Long after he has passed away, Virginia will derive advantage from the measures he has projected, and the measures he has carried out, for the development of her resources. He deserves emphatically to be known as a practical man.

As a politician, Mr. Wise has both merits and faults. He is honest, whole-souled, eloquent, practical; but he is also ambitious to a degree, and perhaps too fond of writing long letters to be considered safe by the political caucuses and conventions which are so potent in our day. An indiscreet utterance by Governor Wise has been used to his injury when its author had long forgotten it, or had changed his opinions entirely. Such, for instance, was the famous saying ascribed to him to the effect that he thanked God there was not a newspaper in his County. The letter to Mr. B. Donnelly, which we published in our last number, is another example of the fatal fluency of his pen. This letter, it is now apparent, was drawn from him insidiously; it was written in the strictest confidence; and though its publication places the Governor in an awkward position, we confess that we know not where to look for a leading politician who could afford to have his private and confidential correspondence thus treacherously exposed to the public eye.

In person Governor Wise is striking; his eye burns with the fire of genius, and his action in speaking is singularly electrical. In debate he is courteous and intrepid; probably no Southern orator of the present day possesses in so high a degree the power of fascinating an audience. In all the relations of life, Governor Wise typifies in a very admirable manner true Southern chivalry.

Two of Governor Wise's sons are known to the public. One of them, Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jun., as an eloquent and learned preacher; and the other, Mr. O. Jennings Wise, as the Editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, and a powerful and sagacious journalist.

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

The Crowd of Visitors.—The Drive on the Beach.—B—— T——'s Four-in-hand.—Le Monsieur Voilé.—*The B——s.—Fair Equestrians.—Tortured Children.—The Fast young Men demolished at a Stroke.—The Party at the Philimore.—Miss C——, of Baltimore.—Mrs. S——.—Mrs. B——d.—Angels in white Muslin. Mrs. S—— and Miss C——, of Boston.—Delights of Newport.*

Ocean House, Newport, *Aug.* 12.

It is as we supposed; we are quite full here now. The appalling heats of other places have proved Newport's opportunity; and here it has really been nothing to complain of—only warmth enough to suggest how dreadful it must be elsewhere, and to prompt a thought of gratitude at being comfortably out of it.

In consideration of this languid state of the atmosphere, and which still continues, we shall leave the gay doings of cottage and chateau alike unnoticed this week, and rush out into the Drive, and recall its sea-breezes, and review its brilliant company. There has been a good beach most afternoons, which means that the tide of waters has been at its lowest, and the tide of fashion at its highest point. There is, it is well known, nothing so exhilarating as rapid exercise in the open air, and on the beach the very horses seem to participate in the excitement, and, snorting with pleasure at the sea-breeze, trot off exultingly.

Here comes tearing down the hill B—— T——'s four-in-hand. We designate this gentleman as others do, the rather that we often noticed that when a man is thus called by a familiar name it is because he is popular with his acquaintances. The ladies in the carriages on the right and left look out alarmed as the team dashes by; but fear nothing, Madam, the cattle are admirably managed, and you may see your coachman is looking at them not in uneasiness but in admiration, and he knows better than you do what good driving is.

A light carriage and a smart pair of horses glide in among the others, and we recognize by his vail, or in spite of his vail, De F——, Esq. He complains of his eyesight; but we have often thought that his selection of the companion of his afternoon drive did not indicate any defect of vision, since whenever our carriages have met on these occasions we have seen him accompanied not only by the prettiest but the youngest ladies of our society. This privilege is said to be well merited by the agreeable qualities as well as the perfectly appointed equipage of the *Monsieur voilé et excentrique*, as we heard a Frenchman call him the other day.

And here comes a nice equipage, a sort of double phaeton and fine horses; and we recognize in the charioteer the pleasant countenance of A. B——, Esq., and the graceful form by his side, shrouded in deep mourning, looking so fair and young, is Mrs. B——, and the mother of that fine spirited little boy who is now trotting his pony by her side, and laughing gleefully at this apparent race with mamma.

And here come some of our fair equestrians. We have already named some of these as riding *well*, and were we to speak more plainly of others (and the majority) who ride ill, we should tell no new truth to themselves or others, for every one has a self-consciousness of what they do well, particularly riding on horseback. Let us hope these young ladies will all manage to keep in their saddles. And here comes Mr. A——'s goodly person on a goodly horse, and one was perhaps the loadstone which drew the other. Fortunate youth! One may come to worse grief than a good marriage and a charming wife.

There are many, many pretty faces smiling and nodding to us from splendid barouches and comfortable rockaways; and there are some most lovely children, but, poor innocents! why are they thus victimized with finery in this hot weather? What a trial of their patience it must have been the putting them into those embroidered and bebraided and be-buttoned dresses; and how hot and uncomfortable those scarlet or yellow nodding plumes seem to make the little darlings! The mammas (some of them) seem to have learned for themselves the charm of simplicity. When will they do so for their offspring? We have nothing to say of "the fast" young men or their fast equipages. They are so utterly abominable to us that we will not even look at them, with their odious beards and odious wine-swollen features, until their "fastness" has gone by; and all we will say is, "Come out of that" if you can, and be men.

The first "hop" of the season came off last week at this hotel; but as it is so long ago, and, as it were, too *en famille*, we think it more civil to go at once to the party at the Philimore last evening. It was given in the dining-room, which was prettily decorated for the occasion with pink and white hangings, and lighted by wax-candles, which shed a more becoming radiance upon fair faces than can ever be attained by the *quinquet* glare of gas. There is one lady one always thinks of first in going to the Philimore House, since she has been for so many years a steady adherent of its fortunes, and is so associated with its many attractions, and she is one, too, so justly beloved, so gracious, so kind to all, that in saying this it is almost unnecessary to name Mrs. W. P——.

We shall have so many of these parties during the season, and the description of one must be so much like another, that not to weary our readers with gauze and satin, wreaths of roses, and angels in white muslin, upon every occasion of the kind, we shall select a few, from time to time, who may in some way seem to call for notice. How could we, for instance, forbear to speak of this Baltimore belle, Miss H-y-l-y, with her peculiar gifts of coloring, looking unlike any one else, and yet charming every one, you hardly know how or why?

"It is perhaps only the attraction of youth and freshness." So you say until you look again, and decide that there is beauty—positive beauty; and then again you think it is only the pretty, winning manner. But it does not matter much. Miss C——y is a very affectionate creature. There are many pretty women, but many we think very much overdressed; and we think they must have felt so themselves, with their silks and their satins, their Brussels lace trimmings and even jewels, beside some of the exquisitely fresh and appropriate toilets of their more judicious sister-beauties. How lovely was moonlike-looking, harmonious Mrs. S——n, in a muslin dress of delicate green and white tints, and a wreath of Parma violets around her fair hair! How soft and refreshing she looked! We hope for their sakes that others that lingered around did not feel the spell as potently as we acknowledge to have done.

In rich contrast to this moonlight lady was handsome Mrs. B——d, of Baltimore, animated and brilliant, with fine dark eyes, darker hair, and a round springing form, like la Diane chaperesse. Mrs. G——d, of New York, was very well dressed and is very handsome, with superb raven-wing hair, eyes to match, and transcendent snowy shoulders. There are many of the young ladies we should like to name; but they are so young that we hesitate to draw them forth to the public gaze, but think they are, perhaps, better left, in the first freshness of their white muslin gowns, to as much seclusion as what is so pretty and attractive can expect.

There were several ladies present who presented other attractions. Miss S——s, of Boston, with her incomparable gifts of conversation, and Miss C——e, of the same place, so refined, so elegant, and so courteous as to make one think of a duchess; and how well that stately brow would have become a coronet of strawberry leaves! But enough for to-day. Revel in these descriptions you who are kept from this gracious company, these fair scenes, by the various requirements of duty or of business; but you will admit that we have drawn a captivating, albeit a true, picture of "Newport the Pleasant."

Who cares for the grumblers who say "they are weary of it;" "that is always the same thing?" So are *they* always the *same thing*, with their vapid minds and worn-out senses. You hear some asserting "that it is monstrous dull;" "that the cottages kill the hotel society; and the hotels the cottages;" but this only proves how much there is of amusement and enjoyment in all, and for all. We shall return to these "grumblers" again, for we have not time to-day to fully prove how unreasonable and how absurd they are. And another day we must return, too, to a further history of our "chateaux" and their inmates; the chain has been broken by the press of other matters. DAME GRUNDY.

GRAVES OF THE INNOCENTS.

WE stood before the "Graves of the Innocents." As we turned reluctantly to pursue our journey, I inquired from Darby was there any legend or story connected with this sweet and peaceful resting-place? Regarding me with an indescribable look, he burst forth:

"There's an ould manor in these parts, called the Manor of Friernè, belonging to the raale ould stock. They owned half the counthry at one time, but the ould Friernès were gallows ould chaps for wine and women, and horses, dogs, and hawks, racin and shootin, and spendin ther money in foreign parts. Och! musha! 'twas a great ould place in times gone by, and the ould castle stands there still, yer honor, an would do yer heart good to look at it; every stone is as *perfect* as the day it was built—divil a fut less than thirteen feet of solid stone-work is in every wall of it—and you might manewver a ridgement in the ould coort-yard. The last of the Friernès that was in the counthry —oh! he was a wild chap—shocking, and had always a wild clan about him; but there was one despirate scoundhrel that used to set him on for all sorts of badness. No good could come of him, and so the neighbors and tinints said; but this black-hearted rascal drew him on from bad to worse until he had to lave the counthry, and thin this chap was made agint over the property. Och! wirra-wirra! bud it was a bad day for the tinints of Friernè—for they never knew bad thratement until then.

"Ye see that brake up in the mountains, there, yer honor?"

"I do, Darby!"

"That's called Tubbermore!" continued he. "And up there lived a sthrong young farmer, a tinint of the Friernès, by the name of Con Flaherty. Con had the best farm on the estate, for he was own fosterer to young Friernè, and used to be always at his elbow, until this black-livered hound of an agint put him against him. Con had just been married to the purtiest Colleen Dhas in all Kerry; and many an achin heart there was among the boys the day she became Mrs. Flaherty.

"Now the agint, Misthur Dan O'Mara he was called, a Dublin attorney—bad look to the likes of thim—had as liquorish a tooth, and was as bad a boy as ever walked the hall uv the foor coorts; and many a poor father and mother's curse was upon his head, for many was the poor misfortunate girleen he left without name or characther, deluded and desaived; and sure, yer honor," appealed Darby, "a man that id lade an innocent girleen on to ruin and desthruction, and a nameless grave among sthrangers, to satisfy a few hours of his own bad passions, is no man at all—he's a brute-baste! Well, this was the sort of chap that had the whole of the manor of Friernè undther him. But the moment he clapped his eyes on Noreen of Tubbermore he was fairly illuminated about her. Now, Captain, jewel, if there's one woman in the world that's more virtuous than another, ids an Irishwoman; uv coorse I know there's an odd one now and agin, but in the mane they bate creation. So my dear, Noreen up an she tould Misther O'Mara that if he kem to her house agin on the same errand she'd make her husband lave marks upon him that he'd carry to his grave. Well, they lived on, and there wasn't a happier, or purtier, or betther-hearted couple in the counthry round; the poor never left their doore empty-handed, and the sthranger was always welkim. A year rowlled on, and ther first child was born—oh, such a bewtiful little crayture—'twould jump and clap its dawshy hands, and crow at every body, showin it had the big, ginerous heart of father and mother; 'twas a little flaxen-haired girleen, too, and 'twas like a wee spring-flower that bloomed before its time. All this time Misthur O'Mara was working his evil plans—and he parsecuted the life and sowl out of poor Con Flaherty, and things began to go wrong. At last Con forgot himself, and he sthruck the agint one day at the fair of Cahirciveen; it was all the black thief wanted, so poor Con was clapped into jail and kep there, and poor Noreen undtherwent such a parsecution that she dhrooped away to nothing; indeed people said, that to save poor Con from the hulks, she did more nor she ought for Mr. O'Mara; be that as it may, the day poor Con got out of jail and kem home, Noreen died blessin' him and the dawshy girleen. The next day the bailiff kem and saized every thing on the farm for the rint that became due while Con was in prison, and two days afther Con Flaherty rowled up his poor little girleen in his frieze cota-more and left the home that had been his and his father's, and grandfather's before him, a desperate and a ruined man, and, as he left Tubbermore, he swore an awful oath that he would have a deep and bloody revenge on Misthur Dan O'Mara.

"Well, yer honor, the agint heard that Con was goin about threatenin his life, and he went and swore his life was in danger! Oh! yer honor, it would make yer heart bleed if I was to tell you the way they hunted that poor fellow through the counthry; that big black villain always in his thracks, until the neighbors began to cry shame on him; the poor fellow he was like a specthre, and night or day he never left the little, dawshy, darlin Noreen; the dyin prayer of his lost, ruined colleen was always ringin in his ears; he always kept her wrapt up in his big coat, and no matter where he was hunted, little Noreen was always wid him. The neighbors at last missed him for a day or two, and whin they wint to look afther him wid some food in some of his hidin places, they found him lyin on that green mound, and there too was the dead body of the little colleen, the jewel of his poor broken heart. They buried the poor darlin there and then, and many is the night the figure of poor Con could be seen sthretched upon her little grave, for his all was there.

"One wild night the agint had to go through the Black Pass, as it was thin called, and his cowardly heart quailed within him as he remembered havin heerd tell how Con Flaherty's child that he had murthered was buried there; bud he couldn't go back, for the night was wild and stormy. When he got fairly opposite the mound his heart lepped up in his mouth as he saw a tall, dark figure glide down from it, cross the river, and stand fair in his way.

"'Who-o-'s-e there?' says he, every hair on his head stannin of an ind.

"'Me!' says a voice, that sounded more like one from the grave than any thing else.

"'Who are you?' says he, the voice makin him bould.

"'Con Flaherty!' was the answer.

"'Oh, you black villain!' shouts O'Mara, 'would you murther a difinceless man?'

"'My wife was difinceless, and so was my child!' said O'Flaherty. 'And you murthered thim.'

"'No—no—no!' says the villain, his teeth knockin together wid the fright. 'Shure didn't they die natural!'

"'Liar!' shouted O'Flaherty, 'twice to-night,' says he, 'I had you covered, and the waving of a blade of grass would have sent your soul to its long and bad account; but I couldn't do it,' says he, the big tears coorsin down his cheeks, as he dashed the gun in the road, 'for the *spirit of my poor dead child* whispered for mercy for you.'

"The next mornin poor Con was found lying on the little girleen's grave, but whin they wint to wake him up, his spirit had gone to hers.

"Ever since that, yer honor," continued Darby, "the first-borns that die in their infancy are brought there to be buried from miles upon miles all round the counthry, and on the anniversary of their deaths, if the father or mother are able to thravel at all, they come to the grave to pray, and dress it with fresh flowers and garlands; and they think that the spirit of their child is watchin and smilin on thim; and would you believe it, yer honor, whin I tell you that many a black and foul deed has been prevented by a pilgrimage to the VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LAWYER, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying, "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a consummate and most impudent scoundrel!" Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client; when he immediately continued, "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.—"Talking of getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," said Simson, "why, I bought an acre of old Mr. Rose, planted one acre of it with potatoes and the other with corn." "I thought you said you bought only one acre, Simson," remarked the listener. "How could you plant two?" "Very easily, Sir; I stood it up on end, and planted both sides of it."

A pedagogue had two pupils, Dick and Tom. To one he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that both were late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys—why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said his favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was going to Margate, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell that I was goin' in." "Very well, Sir" (glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite); "and now, Sir" (turning to the other), "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I was waiting to see Tom off."

"I require," said a sage of the tribe of Penobscot, "but three things to make me happy." "What is the first?" inquired a searcher of wisdom. "Tobacco," was the reply. "What is the second?" "Rum." "Well, what is the third?" "Why," said the philosopher, "a little more rum."

A jester in the court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him, if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the King, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

A NEW DANCE.—"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a young gentleman of a pretty but not well-educated young woman at a ball. "What is to be the dance, Sir?" "Ditto," said the young man, referring to his programme. "Oh, you must excuse me, then," said the young lady; "I can't dance ditto!"

JUVENILE DIGNITY.—A little girl, three years old, was riding in a train with her mother, a few days since, when a lady remarked, "That's a pretty baby!" The little girl's eyes flashed fire as she drew herself up to her fullest height, and replied, "I ain't a baby. I wear boots and hoops."

When is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their *trunks?*—Because they *leave* out their summer clothing.

Did any one ever see the umbrella again which he had lent for just "five minutes?"

The Funambulist who tried to balance the North Pole, got seriously cut by the axes of the earth.

It is an economical reflection that when garments are too short, the difficulty may be remedied by wearing them longer.

The battle of Kohn, fought between the Austrians and Prussians, was lost by the latter. Their king, immediately after his defeat, meeting with a Prussian soldier who had received a wound in his face, inquired, "In what beer shop did you get that scar?" "In one," replied the soldier, "where your majesty *paid the reckoning.*"

"A worthy but poor minister," writes a friend from the country, "requested a loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he said he would 'pay in ten days on the faith of Abraham.' The cashier returned word, that by the rules of the bank the indorser must reside in the State."

A farce was produced in Bannister's time under the title of "Fire and Water."

"I predict its fate," said he.

"What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side.

"What fate?" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

A COMPROMISE.—A few days since an old toper died suddenly. The coroner, in consequence, held an inquest, listened to the testimony of the surgeon, and suggested the verdict, "Water on the brain," when a juror rose to object. "Mr. Coroner," said he, "I have known the deceased for ten mortal years, and I know he never seed a sober moment all that time. To say that such a man can die with water on the brain is therefore all nonsense. It can't be done! 'Cause why!—he never took any into his system. The true verdict, Mr. Coroner, should be, 'Gin, rum, or brandy on the brain;' but as I can't get such a verdict I am willing to split the difference—compromise—and bring in a verdict as follows: 'Died from the effects of brandy and water on the brain.'" The verdict, eventually, was so returned.

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary roller rule on the table, took it up, and inquiring its use, was answered, "It was a rule for counting-houses." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, inquired, "How, in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

"Pray, madam, what do you charge for recovering an umbrella?" said Michael O'Flaherty, from Tipperary, the other day, walking into an umbrella shop.

"Let me see it," was the reply.

"Ah, faith, and that's just what I want to do; for I've lost one, and I see you offer to recover them at a very small charge, so I was just thinking I would get you to recover mine."

"Why don't you ask your sweet-heart to marry you?"

"I *have* asked her."

"What did she say?"

"Oh, I've the *refusal* of her."

Ferocity is sometimes *assumed*, as well as gentleness. There are as many sheep in wolves' clothing as there are wolves in sheep's.

By the use of eye-glasses you may see as much as is to be seen; by the use of another kind of glasses you may see twice as much.

An inordinate desire to obtain possession of secrets is an unerring indication of inability to keep them.

"Don't your tents leak, captain, when it rains?"

"Oh no, madam, we always *pitch* them."

In the Talmud there is a forcible figure descriptive of the sea. "Stop not in there," says the passage, "for, seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

A decent man in Hawick was telling his wife of the war, and that in consequence the price of meal was rising; to which she interrogatively answered, "And what gude will raising the price of meal do to the war?"

"It is very odd," said one counsel to another, "that the judge should have decided against me on that point of law, which, to me, seemed as plain as A B C."

"Yes," replied the other; "but of what use is it that it should have been A B C to you, if the judge was determined to be D E F to it?"

A harmless, half-witted creature was accosted by a saucy fellow, who thought to make game of him. "I say, Jack, lad, dost want a place? Master wants a fool."

"Ay, indeed," replied Jack; "wants a fool, does he? Then are you going to leave, or does he want a couple?"

A French regiment, at the battle of Spines, had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged for his life. "Sir," replied the polite Frenchman, "you may ask me any other favor; but as for your life, it is impossible for me to grant it."

ALL FOR APPEARANCE.—In the autumn of 1826 Lieutenant M——, of the artillery, arranged to perambulate, on a certain day, the boundaries of the parish of Killead, near Antrim. The party assembled at the appointed hour, but Sandy Lauder, a slothful surveyor, made his appearance two hours after the time. A simple reprimand was the result of his delinquency. At the end of the week Lauder, like the rest of the sappers, sent to Lieutenant M—— a copy of his diary for the preceding six days, to be forwarded for the perusal of Colonel Colby. Each day named in it showed the hour of beginning work; and an explanation was afforded to account for the delay on the day alluded to. In examining the journal, the subaltern found, to his astonishment, that the writer had impudently stated he was "detained two hours, waiting for Lieutenant M——!"

"Look here, Sir," cried the indignant officer; "how is it you have stated in your journal you were waiting for me, when you know I was waiting two hours for you?"

"Oh, Sir," replied Sandy, with stolid simplicity, "I ken that weel eneugh; but I thocht it wad luik better to show to the cornel!"—*The Romance of the Ranks.*

A sailor, calling upon a refiner in the city, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as big as his arm. The refiner beckoned him into a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot.

"Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet; but I'm going to Melbourne, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

Those who go to law for damages are pretty sure to get them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW BOOKS.

MICHELET'S LOVE (L'Amour). $1.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION. $1 00.
HARTLEY NORMAN. The New Novel. $1 25.
A BACHELOR'S STORY. By Oliver Bunce. $1 00.
THE VAGABOND. Sketches by Badeau. $1 00.
NEW AND THE OLD. By Doctor Palmer. $1 25.
*** Sent by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street, New York.

Now Ready:

WELLS' NEW MILITARY, GEOGRAPHICAL, and STATISTICAL CHART OF THE WAR IN ITALY. Size 32 by 34 inches. Price, beautifully colored, 30 cents. Sent post-paid.

Also, will be ready Aug. 20th, the COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WAR IN ITALY. Price $1 25. Sent post-paid. Descriptive Circular, with terms to Agents, sent on application. Address
J. G. WELLS, cor. Park Row and Beekman St., N. Y.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. M. Guion, 127 Bowery; J. & J. Coddington, 715 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 527 Greenwich Street; John Jones, 722 Houston Street, New York; Mrs. Hayes; G. P. Milne; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; P. Sellew, Jersey City; U. T. Mercer, Newark.
BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row,
And all Druggists. General Agents.

Premium Perfumery, comprising EAU LUSTRALE, EAU ATHENIENNE, EAU DIVINE DE VENUS, NYMPH SOAP, VEGETABLE LIQUID HAIR DYE, SOAPS of all kinds, POMADES, COSMETICS, PERFUMES, &c., with a great variety of FANCY GOODS. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HAUEL & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, No. 704 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

$75,000 IN PRIZES.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS is one of the best Literary Newspapers issued from the Press, and the Publisher presents to each subscriber, upon reception of his subscription, a Prize varying in value from 50 cents to $1000.

Terms $2 per annum—including Prize. Address,
DANIEL ADEE, Publisher,
211 Centre Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED in every County in the Union to sell the great picture of Mount Vernon, printed in 15 Oil Colors. For particulars address
J. H. BYRAM & CO., 112 South 3d St., Philada., Pa.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my onguent (established 1852), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address.
R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau Street, New York.

A New Novel by Lever.

Dr. Mackay's Travels in America.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
Have just Published:

I.

Life and Liberty in America;

Or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

"Life and Liberty in America" is a bright, fresh, and hopeful book, worthy of the author whose songs are oftenest heard on the Atlantic. Dr. Mackay writes as healthily as he sings—describing, as he tells us, "Life" as he saw it, and "Liberty" as he studied it, both in the North and in the South.—*Athenæum.*

We commend these volumes to careful perusal, as the result of careful and diligent observation, assisted by personal associations well calculated to facilitate the way to the attainment of truth.—*Leader.*

Dr. Mackay's volumes are eminently readable and very amusing.—*Press.*

Chatty, readable, and entertaining.—*Literary Gazette.*

II.

Lever's Gerald Fitzgerald.

COMPLETE.

Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Glencore," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tiernay," &c. Part II. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents. Complete, 50 cents.

Full of interest and romantic adventure.—*Concord Patriot.*

It seems to partake of all the sparkle and wit, and to abound in the adroit combinations of incidents that have rendered the name of the Dublin surgeon famous wherever the English language is spoken.—*Troy Times.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

FOR COSTIVENESS;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA;
FOR JAUNDICE;
FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION;
FOR HEADACHE;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSENTERY;
FOR A FOUL STOMACH;
FOR THE CURE OF ERYSIPELAS;
FOR THE PILES;
FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA;
FOR ALL SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS;
FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM;
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT;
FOR DROPSY;
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM;
FOR WORMS;
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT;
FOR A DINNER PILL;
FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA;
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1 00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.

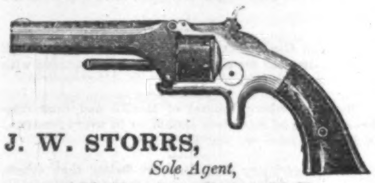
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SETTS,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items,
Are all reliable.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Smith & Wesson's Seven Shooter.



J. W. STORRS,
Sole Agent,
121 Chambers Street, N. Y.

This Pistol is the lightest one in the world that has force. Weight only ten ounces. Is loaded quicker than other Pistols are capped. Is sure fire under all circumstances. No injury is caused to the arm or ammunition by allowing it to remain loaded any length of time. Is so simple in its construction that it is not liable to get out of order. Is perfectly safe to carry. The cylinder holds seven shots, two more than other small Pistols.

WATER-CURE
JOURNAL

AND

HERALD OF HEALTH.

Devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life and Health, with Engravings illustrating the Human System — a Guide to Health and Longevity. A handsome Quarto, published monthly, at One Dollar a year, by FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. New Vol.—28 — just commenced. A good time to subscribe.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY. WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY;
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GAS FIXTURES,
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES,
FANS, RICH PORCELAIN,
And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.

The only Agents in New York for the sale of Chas. Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any other pocket time-pieces ever made is *unquestionably* established.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We cordially extend to strangers an invitation to inspect our stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

Books by return Post to any Post Office in the United States.

GOOD BOOKS by MAIL. — We send all Books prepaid by return of FIRST MAIL, at publishers' prices. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York, United States Book Agency. Country dealers supplied.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$50 Worth of Piano Forte Music for $2.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—A coll. of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottishes, Redowas, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, &c. Arranged for the Piano Forte, and comprising the most popular Dance Music of the day. Handsomely bound in cloth. $2 00.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

Mercantile Record.

Billiard-Table Makers.
O'CONNOR & COLLENDER (Phelan's Tables), 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby.

Blank-Books and Stationery.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL, 45 Maiden Lane.

Cutlery, Manufacturers of.
ROWE, JOHN, & CO., 269 Pearl (Am. Shears and Scissors).

Direction-Labels and Tags.
MAUGER, VICTOR E., 115 Chambers.

Frame Makers, Looking-Glass & Picture.
SIGLER, HORACE V., Agent, 215 Centre.

Phrenologists and Publishers.
FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.

Paint Manufacturers.
HALL & CORNELL, 123 Maiden Lane.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

COZZENS'
West Point Hotel
is
NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN POINT, HUDSON CO., N. J.
Wesley W. Hill (late of the Lafarge House), *Proprietor.*

This fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Kill von Kull*, opposite Staten Island. Excellent *Bathing, Boating, Fishing,* and *Driving* in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen with their families visiting New York, will find *this House* as convenient as a hotel in town, as it takes no longer time (only 35 minutes by Steamboat) to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT LAKE HOPATCONG, NOW OPEN.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable prices. Parties wishing that rare amusement, viz.: "GOOD FISHING," can enjoy it at this beautiful place to perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. It is two-and-a-half hours' ride from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad to Drakeville station, where stages will be in waiting to convey passengers to the House, a distance of three miles. Post Office address—Drakeville, Morris county, N. J. J. H. DAVIS.

Long Branch, N. J.
Howland's Hotel,
is
Now Open for the Season.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.

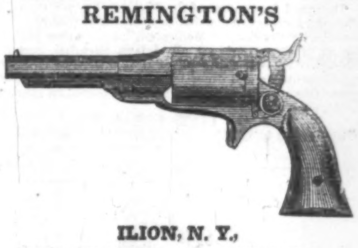
ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Three trains a day.

REMINGTON'S



ILION, N. Y.,
POCKET AND BELT SIZE REVOLVER.
GUN CANES (RIFLE AND SHOT).

Also Manufacturers of Cast Steel, Stubs-twisted and Refined Iron Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, Gun Mountings, &c.

Sold by Dealers generally.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 48 East 24th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School, CLASSICAL and COMMERCIAL. This institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with testimonials, the names of my pupils and of their parents during the past FOUR years, &c., to be had.

Prof. ÉLIE CHARLIER, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. L. Agassiz.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

Nature's True Restorative.

THE BEST, SAFEST AND PUREST
TONIC AND ALTERATIVE EVER PREPARED.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

PIESSE & LUBIN
PERFUMERY FACTORS,
from
every flower that
breathes a fragrance
SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
And a Thousand others
1s. 6d. each or three
in a case, 7s.
2 New Bond St. London.

PIESSE
&
LUBIN'S,
PERFUMERY,

Sold by all
Druggists in
every city.

Wholesale
Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 Pearl St.
New-York.

To Housekeepers.

SOMETHING NEW. — B. T. BABBITT'S BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS,

68 AND 70 — 68 AND 70

Is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus is turned to gas, and passes through the Bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently, nothing remains but common Salt, Water, and Flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.

68 AND 70 — 68 AND 70

It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, twisted loaf of bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next exactly like the first—brand as above.

68 AND 70 — 68 AND 70

Full directions for making Bread with this Saleratus and Sour Milk or Cream Tartar, will accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry; also, for making Soda Water and Seidlitz Powders.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP,
WITH
B. T. BABBITT'S PURE
CONCENTRATED POTASH,

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash; put up in cans—1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

68 AND 70 — 68 AND 70

Manufactured and for sale by
B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 68 and 70 Washington Street, N. Y.,
and No. 38 India Street Boston.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris* and *London*.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

ARE superior for all manufacturing purposes.
ARE more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
ARE capable of doing a greater variety of work.
ARE free from the faults of other machines.
ARE almost noiseless in their operations.
ARE much better, and therefore worth more.
ARE perfectly simple and easily kept in order.
ARE cheaper because they earn more money.
ARE just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

EVERY BODY READS IT.

IT IS IMMENSELY POPULAR.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S
NEW BOOK,
KNITTING WORK,

Is now ready and for sale everywhere. The advance orders, amounting to over

10,000 Copies,

and the great rush for the book, fully prove the immense popularity of Mrs. Partington, whose name is

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

Says

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

"Sam Slick has run his race. Mrs. Partington now is the American humorist; original, genial, laughable, and not uninstructive. We wish it to be understood that 'IKE' is included in these remarks. No one should buy the book who thinks it sinful to laugh."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

has said that "Humor must have feeling in it, wit needs none. Voltaire was a wit; *but Mrs. Partington's conversation with the omnibus driver has more feeling and humor than ever he uttered.*"

KNITTING WORK,

By MRS. PARTINGTON,

is not wholly a humorous book, but a happy combination of philosophy and mirth, in which the most beautiful thoughts and sentiments are scattered among Partingtonian rhymes and conceit.

It is elegantly illustrated by

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN,

whose own appreciation of humor has been well applied to MRS. PARTINGTON and IKE.

The present indications are, that the sale of the book will even surpass that of the old lady's previous volume, of which over

30,000 COPIES

were sold in a few months after its issue.

In 1 Vol. 12mo. Price $1 25.

Brown, Taggard & Chase,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

Money can be Made.

NOW IS THE TIME for Young Men of industrious habits and good moral character to engage as BOOK AGENTS.

We publish the *best* Books.
They can be sold to *every* family.
And will accommodate every *purse.*

Agents will require but a small capital to commence with, which can be gradually increased by the profits made.

Send for full particulars to
LEARY, GETZ & CO., Publishers,
No. 224 N. Second Street, Phila.

Inventors! Mechanics!! Artisans!!!

☞ **READ THIS.** ☜

The "ARTISAN," published by the American Patent Company, is now the CHEAPEST SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER IN THE WORLD!

1 copy for	8 months,	only	....	$1 00
1 "	12 "	"	....	1 50
4 "	12 "	"	....	5 00
10 "	12 "	"	....	12 00
20 "	12 "	"	....	20 00

Thus giving an official Journal of American and English Patents, Science, Art, Discovery and Invention, every Saturday, for $1 00.

The Second Volume begins August 20, 1859.

☞ SPECIMEN COPIES SENT GRATIS. ☜

Address
AMERICAN PATENT COMPANY,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

The Superb
WAR SUPPLEMENT
TO
Harper's Weekly
Is Now Ready.
CONTAINING AN ACCURATE
MAP,
AND NUMEROUS LARGE AND ELEGANT
Engravings,
Illustrating
THE WAR IN ITALY.
PRICE SIX CENTS.

☞ Sent by mail on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square,
New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR AUGUST.

Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine must have been struck with the multiplicity of papers embodying important geographical, historical, and scientific facts, so that, apart from its merits as a storehouse of entertaining reading, it is of no small value as a work of general reference, and on a great variety of subjects. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," in particular, though promising little immediate interest at the date of its publication, increases in importance from year to year, and now furnishes a sort of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfactory character of which will be the most highly appreciated by those who have the most frequent occasion to consult its columns.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is, emphatically, the American people's magazine. Sound in religion, conservative in politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, overrunning with sympathy and humor, and guided all the time by a sturdy common sense, it has no rival. Nor will it have soon. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by McLENAN, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.